ADDRESSES

Delivered at the

Centennial :-: Anniversary

of the

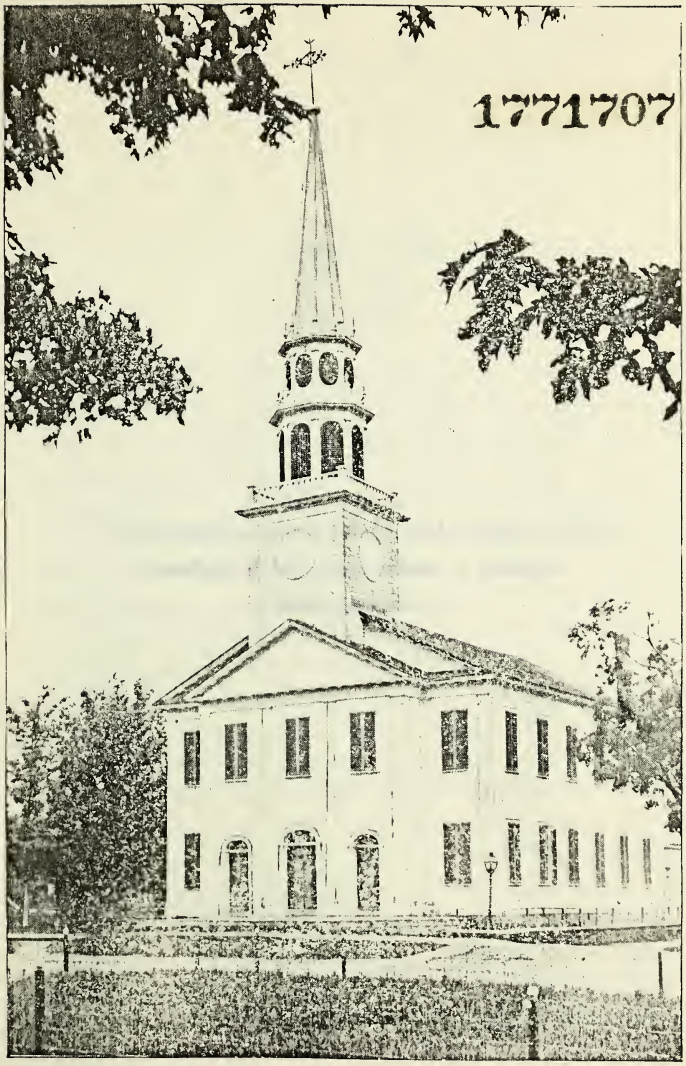
First Congregational Church,

Pompey, N. Y.,

June 21st-23d, 1896.

Together with a historical sketch of the church.

Cazenovia, N. Y.
J. A. LOYSTER,
1896.



First Congregational Church, Pompey, N. Y.

To the memory of the fathers and mothers of this household of faith this volume is affectionately dedicated.

PREFACE.

IT was with some misgivings that the task was undertaken of putting the following addresses into a compact and permanent form and yet it has been by no means an unpleasant one. To all those who were permitted to be present and share in the glad occassion this volume will be received with double interest; and to those who were denied that privilege it is hoped that these messages from the old church may in a measure atone for the loss and find a warm welcome in every heart and home. It is to be regretted that some of the informal addresses were not preserved in form ,so that they might find a permanent place in this volume; but as no stenographer was present to render that service, it may not be improper to refer to them in this connection. Rev. W. W. Cole and Hon. Frank Hiscock who had parts assigned to them on the program were unable to be present. The address given by the Rev. Nathan Bosworth, a former pastor, was not written, hence no report of it appears in the book. It consisted largely of reminiscences concerning the work of Mr. Bosworth since he left this field of labor. Among the neighboring pastors who brought words of greeting were Rev. Edward W. Miller, Prof. of

Church History in Auburn Theological Seminary, Rev. Chas. Maar, of the Second Dutch Reformed Church, Syracuse, and Rev. H. Grant Person, of the Presbyterian Church, Chittenango, all of whom gave interesting addresses. In the preparation of the historical sketch of the church I desire to acknowledge my great indebtedness to the Rev. J. Petrie for the privilege of quoting from his admirable sermon delivered July 2, 1876, covering as it does so fully the history of the church to that date. There are many little incidents and observations which might be inserted to swell the proportions of this volume, but the aim is to present the discourses substantially in the order in which they were delivered, and with this object in view this little book is sent forth on its mission.

J. C. B.

POMPEY, N. Y.,
September 1, 1896.

History of the First Congregational Church, Pompey, N. Y.

The history of a church like that of a nation is largely the history of individuals, and the history of this church has been no exception to the general rule. While it is true that great doctrines lay at the foundation upon which the Christian church is builded, it is equally true that the potency of those great principles is made evident by the life and activity of the members of the church of Jesus Christ. The early history of the community and that of this church is one.

*The earliest of the settlers in the present town of Pompey was Ebenezer Butler, who came early in the spring of 1792, followed by Jesse Butler and others the same year. So rapidly did the settlers come in this and the succeeding year, that the Town of Pompey was organized in 1794, about two years after the arrival of the first family. It is stated in Clark's Reminiscences of Onondaga that "the First Presbyterian Society of the Town of Pompey," by which he means this society "was organized June 16th, 1794, and that Moses DeWitt, Ozias Burr and Ebe-

* Extract from a sermon delivered by the Rev. J. Petrie July 2nd, 1876.

nezer Butler were its first trustees. He also states that this was the first religious society organized on the Military Tract, embracing a part of two or more contiguous counties. At the time of Mr. Clark's writing some of the first settlers were still living from whom he might verify his statements. I have no means of knowing whether his statement is correct, but I am assured from the records that our church (the first Congregational Church in Pompey) was organized October 19th, 1796, by Rev. Ammi R. Robins, pastor of the church in Norfolk, Connecticut. The church was originally composed of twenty-two members, as follows:

Ebenezer Butler,	Desire Butler,
Daniel McKeyes,	Dorathy Butler,
Moses Lilly,	Molly Jerome,
James Olcutt,	Lucy Cook,
Benjamin Butler,	Truelove Cook,
Joseph Shattuck,	Amarilla Jerome,
Ichabod Lathrop,	Lucy Jerome,
John Jerome,	Susanna Carrol,
Selah Cook,	Hannah Griffes,
True Worthy Cook,	Zeruiah Catlin,
Levi Jerome,	Louisa Butler.

In 1797, three persons were received on examination, but there is no record of the officiating minister. In July, 1798, we have the name of Rev. Mr. Hallier, and in October, the name of Rev. Mr. Williston administering the ordinances of the church. "July 19th, 1799, Rev. Joseph Gilbert was chosen moderator of this church while said Gilbert shall tarry with us." From this formal ac-

tion of the church it is more than probable that Rev. Mr. Gilbert was the acting pastor until the arrival of Rev. Mr. Wallis two years afterward. August 14th, 1801, we have the first record of the labors of Rev. Hugh Wallis and October 15th, 1802, he "received a unanimous call to take the pastoral charge of this church," and was installed by an Ecclesiastical Council January 5th, 1803. The first association of ministers and churches on the Military Tract was organized June, 1803, December 28, 1808, Rev. Mr. Wallis asked for a dissolution of the pastoral relation which was assented to by the church and the relation was dissolved by the Association January 10th, 1809. Our only opportunity of forming an estimate of Mr. Wallis character is the brief record of the church during his ministry. From this we learn that sixteen united with the church on examination and thirty-five by letter; total fifty-one. The Association bore testimony to his fidelity as a minister of the gospel and regretted the circumstances which hindered the successful continuance of his ministry. For some reason in the latter part of his ministry New England and Scotland were not congenial. It was nearly four years before the church was again favored with a stated ministry, a sad privation in the early history of the church.

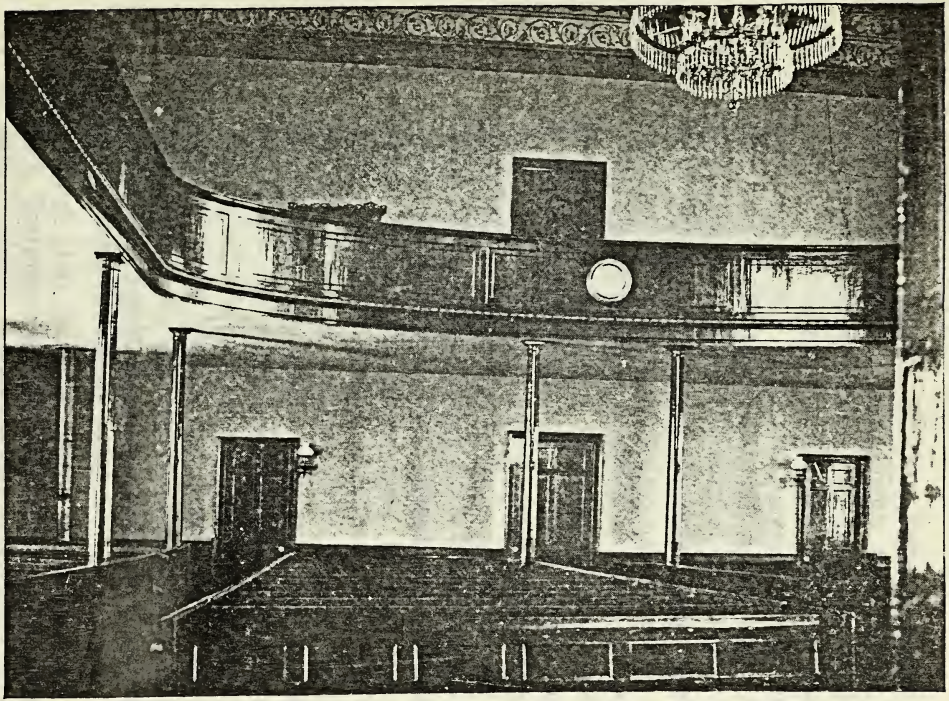
In October, 1810, the Presbytery of Onondaga was formed of part of the ministers and churches of Middle Association, whereby this church became a member of Presbytery on the plan of Union. The first notice of any Thanksgiving service occurs as early as November, 1805, and is probably the first observance of the day in the

history of the church. The following April there was the observance of the fast day so long customary with the churches of New England.

October 19th, 1812, Rev. Jabez Chadwick "entered into an agreement with the First Congregational Church in Pompey to perform the duties of the ministerial office statedly among them." February 9th, 1812, this church adopted in part a plan of religious instruction recommended by the Presbytery of Onondaga and April 17th, 1813, appointed a committee of five on catechetical instruction, including the pastor, the three deacons of the church, viz: Levi Jerome, Ezra Hart, Ithamer Coe and Mr. Dudly Perley. The year 1813 was signalized as the most prosperous year of Mr. Chadwick's ministry and in some respects the most prosperous year in the whole history of the church. It must have been a glad day to our fathers when they received seventy-one members in a single year.

December 3d, 1814, "the church met to consider the question whether the labor of collecting hay and grain on the Sabbath in a catching season is a profanation of the day. The question being discussed at very considerable length was unanimously decided in the affirmative." Our fathers had evidently read the command, "In earing time and in harvest thou shall rest," which some of our modern professors of religion have apparently never seen. They could not find any exception *if it looks likely to rain.*

April 5th, 1818, Constantia Dyer with her husband, Pitt Dyer, united with this church of which she is now the oldest member, having united more than fifty-eight



The Church Interior.

years ago. January 3d, 1819, Rebecca Hopkins, now Mrs. Elizur Seymour, united with this church, making her the next oldest member, and July 4th of the same year we have the name of Hannah Williston, making the third on the list. There are two more female members, Mrs. Caroline Shattuck, who united July 25th, 1822, and Jane King, who united February 3d, 1826, before we come to Dr. Stearns, who united November 30th of the same year and is now the oldest living male member.

The church building in which we worship today was erected in the summer of 1817, but was not finished and dedicated until January 20th, 1819, at which time Rev. Jabez Chadwick was installed pastor of this church. For about ten years previous to the erection of this church the public services were held in the old Pompey Academy, which was erected in 1801, though not sufficiently finished to be occupied under three or four years. And every loyal son of Pompey cherishes a most kindly feeling toward the old Academy for its blessed benefits and benedictions. September 20th, 1820, the pastoral relation of Rev. Mr. Chadwick with this church was at his own request dissolved against the earnest wish of a large majority of the church and congregation. During the eight years of his ministry, the longest in the whole history of the church, there were added on examination 176 and by letter twenty-six; total 202.

March 31st, 1822, the church extended a call to Mr. E. S. Barrows to become their pastor and he was ordained and installed September 10th of the same year. There were added to the church during the six and one-half

years of his ministry 106 on examination and thirty-one by letter; total 137. The largest number that united in any one year was forty-six, the memorable year of 1826. Of those still living in this vicinity who united with the church during this year I notice the names of Deacon Holbrook and wife of Pompey Centre, Judge Amasa Jerome and Deacon A. H. Wells, of Manlius, and Dr. Stearns. Mr. Barrows was an able and successful pastor and accomplished a most blessed work during his ministry. He was dismissed October 6th, 1828.

March 22d, 1829, this church extended a call to Rev. B. B. Stockton to become their pastor. The records do not show that Mr. Stockton was ever installed nor can we ascertain the precise date of the conclusion of his labors. Mrs. Stockton was dismissed October 17th, 1831, which was probably the close of his ministry. During this period fifty-eight persons were added to the church, forty-six in 1831.

November 6th, 1832, we have the first notice of the labors of Rev. James B. Shaw, now Dr. Shaw, of Rochester.* For two years he served the church with great acceptance and ability though at a time of peculiar trial in its history. I have frequently heard his sermons spoken of with decided interest by the older members of the church. There were received into the church during his short but most popular ministry sixty-eight persons, fifty during the memorable year of 1833.

Rev. Ethan Smith commenced his labors some time

---

*Dr. Shaw died a short time ago, having served the Brick Church as pastor more than forty-five years.

during the latter part of 1834, but must have remained less than one year, for September 23d, 1835, Rev. John Gridley commenced his ministry and was installed Oct. 25th, 1836, and must have been dismissed by December, 1837, as at that date his wife received a letter of dismission to Oswego. There was no revival of religion during his ministry, but additions from time to time indicating at least ordinary success. December 29th, 1837, Rev. Asa Rand commenced his ministry and remained about four years. During his ministry twenty-five were received on examination and fourteen by letter; total thirty-nine.

Rev. Mr. Wheelock succeeded Mr. Rand in the spring of 1842, and remained at least two years. His name is only mentioned once, incidentally, in the work of the church, and we have no means of forming any proper estimate of his character. There were only few additions to the church during the period of his ministry and these were mostly by letter. February 26th, 1845, Rev. Clinton Clark was ordained and installed pastor of this church. Mr. Clark was an able and acceptable minister and greatly beloved by his people. It was regarded as unfortunate for this church that Presbytery dissolved the pastoral relation December 26th, 1847, to secure his services as principal of Onondaga Academy against the united and unanimous remonstrance of the church. It was considered an arbitrary exercise of authority which the circumstances did not justify.

November 5th, 1848, we find the first notice of the labors of Rev. S. P. M. Hastings. The years of his ministry were eminently years of prosperity. Genial and ac-

ceptable as a pastor he went in and out among the people with joy and gladness, leading them in green pastures and beside the still waters. During the six years and ten months of his ministry there were added to the church on examination sixty-nine, by letter twenty-nine; total ninety-eight. He was, at his own request, dismissed November 26, 1895. Mr. Hastings had a very happy faculty to interest the young men of his congregation, and perhaps no pastor in the whole history of the church gathered in a larger class of young men of ability who have gone forth an honor to this community and to the cause of Christ. Among those who united with the church during his labors and have since entered the ministry of our own church we may mention with just pride the name of the Rev. Hiram C. Hayden, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Cleveland, Ohio, and of Rev. Delos E. Wells,* of Aurora, Ill., one of the promising and rising men of the west, and Rev. Carlos Swift, an honored minister in the Baptist Church. This useful pastor has lately entered into rest. Rev. E. P. Smith succeeded Mr. Hastings, but only remained six months. He left the reputation of a godly and earnest minister. He was for several years commissioner among the Indians and afterwards elected president of Howard University, which position he held at the time of his death, a few months since.

July 6th, 1856, we have the first record of the labors of Rev. A. A. Graley, whose ministry continued six years.

*Rev. Delos Wells died recently at his home in Minneapolis, Minn.

Though not of a robust constitution he was a vigorous thinker and an acceptable preacher. Many of his leisure moments were devoted to the service of song, leading to the composition of sacred music of real excellence and deserved popularity. There were added to the church during his ministry fourteen on examination and nine by letter; total twenty-three.

November 1st, 1862, Rev. J. H. Moran commenced his labors for the term of one year. No additions are recorded during his ministry.

February 21st, 1864, Rev. Nathan Bosworth commenced his ministry. He was my classmate in Auburn Seminary and I bear cheerful testimony to his fidelity, earnestness and devotion as a minister of the gospel. There were added to the church, during the two years and two months of his ministry, forty-four on examination and nine by letter; total fifty-three. Mr. Bosworth will long be held in grateful remembrance for his devotion to his work. He has left a good record and gathered many stars in the crown of his rejoicing. He closed his labors April 22d, 1866.

October 1, 1866, Rev. R. S. Eggleston commenced his ministerial work. He was genial and pleasant in all his intercourse and cordially welcomed by the whole congregation. He was sunny-side in all his student life at Auburn and in all his pastoral work. Mr. Eggleston was uniformly acceptable to the congregation and would gladly have been retained as their pastor. He closed his labors October 1st, 1868.

April 9th, 1870, Rev. Alvin Cooper commenced his labors

and continued until August 1st, 1871. He was the first installed pastor since the dismission of Rev. Clinton Clark. It was during his ministry that the church voted to become Presbyterian in its form of government which not proving satisfactory, was reconsidered, leaving the organization the same as before. Whether the church made any mistake in this reconsideration, time alone must determine. The history of the two systems of government especially in the light of recent developements, presents most striking comparisons which are worthy of careful consideration.

February 15th, 1872, Rev. J. Petrie, yonr present pastor, commenced his labors among you. Well do I remember the cold and bitter storm which soon followed with the thermometer twenty degrees below zero; but even in Pompey winters do have an end, followed by the most delightful and enjoyable of summers. Well do I also remember the pleasant season of religious interest which cheered the beginning of my ministry, and which brought forth most pleasant and happy fruits. And now, after more than four years' experience, I have reason to be grateful for the uniform kindness and cordiality with which I have been received among you. Deeply as I am conscious of my own imperfections, I can yet say that I have most earnestly desired to do my Master's will and most earnestly desired to guide you in the way of life. There have been added to the church during my ministry, twenty-five on examination and nine by letter, total thirty-four. I can only regret that a much larger number for whom I have most earnestly prayed, and in

whose welfare I have the deepest interest, are not united with us today.

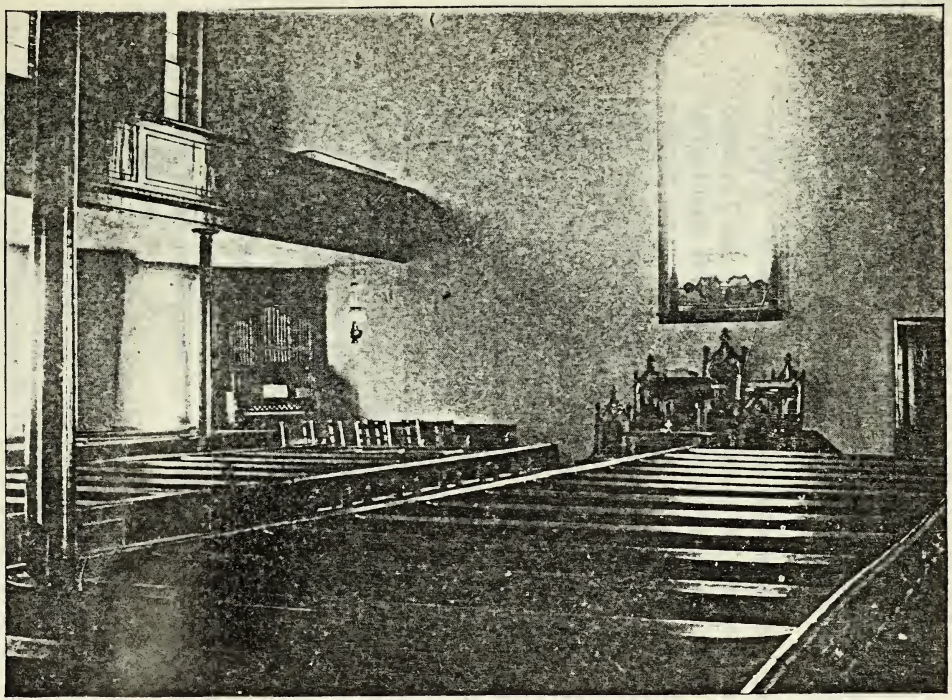
The years of deepest interest and most signal prosperity to this church, were 1813, Rev. Mr. Chadwick, pastor, seventy-one additions; 1826, Rev. Mr. Barrows, pastor, forty-eight; 1831, Rev. Mr. Stockton, pastor, forty-six; 1833, Rev. James B. Shaw, pastor, fifty; 1850, Rev. Mr. Hastings, pastor, sixty-four, and 1866, Rev. N. Bosworth, pastor, forty-five additions to the membership of this church. These are glad results to chronicle, and as they gave joy to the angels in heaven, they also gave joy to the members of this church. It will be of interest to know that the whole number of members of this church from the beginning is 909. The deacons of the church who served the longest and will be held in most grateful remembrance are Levi Jerome, Israel Woodford, Elijah Wells, and Samuel Baker, now called to their reward, and A. H. Wells, who is still among the living, and who will share in the grateful remembrance and earnest prayers of this congregation long as life shall continue. Deacon Jerome was the early clerk of the church, and the history of its organization and its records for a number of years are in his handwriting. He was evidently an active member of the church and was frequently its delegate to Presbytery and Association. He united with this church at its organization, and departed this life June 11th, 1838, and was seventy-seven years old on the day of his death. He was a deacon of this church nearly thirty-nine years, though in the closing years of his life not in active service.

Daniel Dunham, the colleague of Levi Jerome, united with this church, July 12th, 1799, by letter, from the second church, in Lebanon, Conn. As he is called deacon in the record of his admission, it is fair to presume that he held the office previous to his removal here. He was elected deacon of this church December 27th, 1799, and probably dismissed some time between 1809 and 1812 as his name does not appear on the records subsequent to this date. He seems to have been of a retiring disposition, and was not like his colleague, prominent in the affairs of the church.

Ithamer Coe united with this church by letter April 1st, 1803, from what was then called the church in Clinton settlement, now the beautiful village of Clinton. There is no record of the time of his election, but May 8th, 1805, his name is recorded deacon. He was an active member of the church, and his name frequently appears as its delegate. He was dismissed by letter to the church in Volney, March 9th, 1816.

Ezra Hart was received as a member of this church, December 29th, 1799, but the record does not state whether by letter or examination. His first notice as deacon of this church occurs January 13th, 1813. He was an active member of the church and heartily devoted to its interests; he was dismissed by letter December 31st, 1818.

Israel Woodford united with this church by letter from the church in Farmington, Conn., September 1812; he was chosen deacon of this church April 4th, 1818, and died January 1st, 1852, eighty-three years of age. In



The Church Interior.

earnest and active piety he seems to have excelled all the officers and members of the church whose memory comes down to us to-day. There is a hallowed sweetness in his life which still sheds its fragrance, and may its godly savor ever remain.

Elijah Wells was born in Weathersfield, Hartford county, Conn., in 1775; removed to Pompey in 1801; united with this church on profession of his faith February 2d, 1814; was elected deacon of this church April 4th, 1818; the colleague of Israel Woodford, and died 1830, at fifty-five years of age. He was a man of exemplary, earnest, high-toned character, ever ready to do his duty, and meet his solemn and responsible trust.

Pliny Porter united with this church April 16th, 1817, on profession of his faith; was elected deacon July 16th, 1831, and died November 1st, 1840, at fifty-three years of age. His life was consistent with his profession.

Abraham Northrup united with this church on profession of his faith January 1st, 1813; was elected deacon of this church December 22d 1834, and died November 7th, 1846, at seventy-two years of age. Naturally shrinking and diffident he was yet a most worthy member and officer of the church. His integrity of character and consistency of life worthily exemplified his profession.

Asa H. Wells was born in Glastonbury, Conn., removed to Pompey, with his parents when yet a child; united with this church November 30th, 1826; was elected deacon of this church December 22d, 1834, at the same time with Abraham Northrup and was acting dea-

con of the church forty years. We have now passed the line between the departed and glorified and the surviving officers of this church. And although removed from us, it gives us pleasure to see Deacon Wells with us today actively to participate in these memorial services. We will not suffer his presence to debar us from saying that his life has been distinguished for gentleness and forbearance in many trying circumstances, sacrificing his own feelings to promote unity and harmony without a murmur, meeting his duty as it might seem to devolve upon him. His integrity of character and consistency of life have been an honor to his office. No one is more cordially welcome among us and long may his bow abide in strength.

Samuel Baker was born in East Hampton, Long Island; came to Pompey with his father when about thirteen years of age; united with this church November 22d, 1826; was elected deacon of this church April 26th, 1840, and died August 8th, 1874. He was a model Christian and a man of unexceptionable character in his entire deportment. He was an unselfish man and sigularly free from the ordinary faults and failings of humanity. As I recall his life so earnestly devoted to the interests of this church and to the advancement of Christ's kingdom, I devoutly pray that many of us may imitate his spirit and emulate his life. No father could be more kind and considerate to his son than he has been to your pastor. The present deacons of the church, George Wells and I. L. Woodford, were elected soon after Deacon Baker's death, and may they long abide with us.

In all the history of this church, which I have studied with the deepest interest and the greatest pleasure, I have looked in vain for a crooked deacon. This church has unquestionably been most fortunate in its officers from the very beginning. They have been men of noble character and blameless lives, men who worthily represented this church in all its interests, men who would do honor to any church in any community.

In the early history of the church I find the name of Mrs. Debby Judd, who united with the church March 18, 1802, and died in June of the present year at the Sandwich Islands. Rev. Artemus Bishop, who, if I mistake not, was born in Pompey, and to some extent assisted in his education for the ministry by this church, was an honored missionary to the Sandwich Islands and died only a few years since at a ripe old age, having witnessed the most marvelous and happy change which has ever taken place within the same length of time in the whole history of Christian missions. At a later date we have the name of Rev. Charles Jerome who labored faithfully in the ministry while his health and strength would permit with marked usefulness, but who has now been called to his reward. The names of younger brethren in the ministry, who united with this church during Mr. Hasting's ministry, have already been favorably mentioned.

And what are our feelings in view of the sacred associations and tender memories which this day brings! The departed ones do not speak to us from their final resting place in yonder cemetery, but from their glorified homein the skies, asking us to be true to our trust, true to the

interest of Christ's kingdom, true to the grand purposes of which the church was established among men.

And what a contrast between the past and the present. We dwell in pleasant homes surrounded with all the comforts and conveniences of life, but our fathers came in a solitary wilderness and have made it bud and blossom as we see to-day.

Our history would be incomplete without the mention of Manoah Pratt, Sen., who built the first saw mill at Pratts Falls in 1797, and the first grist mill the following year, who was the early friend of our Academy, and without whom it could hardly have been built. His business tact and energy, no less than his Christian life, were and invaluable blessing. And then we have the names of Lyman Morgan, Henry Seymour, Daniel Gott and Victory Birdseye, Sen., who were identified with the interests of this church and all whose families were members. It is said of Mrs. Henry Seymour that she possesed rare grace and accomplishments and we do not wonder that her affianced husband should go nine miles to Cazenovia on snow shoes over otherwise impassible roads to meet the engagements of his wedding day. Horatio Seymour owes a large debt of gratitude to her refined manners ,devoted training and earnest Presbyterian piety. Both himself and his brother, John F. Seymour, and his sisters also, were baptized in the faith of the Presbyterian church, a church of which we may be justly proud today and especially in this Centennial year for the blessings of civil and religious liberty which it has bequeathed to the world. And we cannot tell how much of the inspiration

and poetic power of Grace Greenwood may have been imparted by the pure air, fine scenery and magnificent surroundings of her native home. Nor can the history of this church to the close of this Centennial be fully written. It has diffused itself in every community where the sons and daughters of Pompey have emigrated, making its distinct impress from the bay of New York to the bay of San Francisco, not overlooking any of the professions and more distinguished walks of life. And when we reach either extremity of our land it overleaps the boundaries of time and has eternity for its field and heaven for its most glorious consummation. * * *

It is a great privilege to take up at this point and carry on to completion the century of history of this church. It is a pleasure to testify to the great efficiency of the service rendered by Rev. J. Petrie whose work forms a large portion of this sketch. Mr. Petrie has the honor of having served the church through a longer pastorate than any other and the warm place that he still holds in the hearts of this people is a living testimony to his great fidelity. During his pastorate fifty-six were added to the church.

Rev. A. J. Abeel began his work with this people on July 1, 1886, serving the church as pastor for nearly two years during which time there was a marked activity and spiritual interest. During Mr. Abeel's pastorate sixteen were added to the church and Henry H. Baker and Wm. J. Mason were elected and ordained deacons.

On June 30th, 1888, occurrs the first mention in the records of the service of Rev. Smith Ordway. Mr. Ord-

way served this church with great efficiency during his two and one-half years of pastorate and in that time there were added to the membership of the church, twenty-five.

Mr. Ordway was succeeded by Rev. W. W. Cole, who served this church one year, then being called to another field of labor. During Mr. Cole's ministry here there were added eight names to the roll of members.

On a beautiful day in September 1891 the present pastor, Rev. John C. Ball, found his way to this mountain top of privilege, and on May 1st of the following year, he entered upon his labors as pastor, being installed on June 28th. It would be unbecoming in me to characterize in any way the work of my own ministry; that duty will be reserved for some future historian. However, it may not be out of place to say that it has been counted a great privilege to have stood in the place once occupied by so many worthy predecessors, and bring to completion this first century of history for this beloved church. God has blessed the work in the addition of thirty-two members during the present pastorate. And during the same time L. L. Woodford and Chas. Jerome were ordained deacons. A people united in every good work have completely remodeled and beautified the interior of the old church and turning from this glorious past to the possibilies of the future they are not unmindful of this great opportunity before them. During the one hundred years of its history the church has been served by twenty-two regular pastors, ten of whom are still living. In that period there have been enrolled ten hun-

dred and fourteen names upon the register. The loving friends of these pastors, and of the faithful band who united to form this church have purchased two marble slabs to be erected in the church as a memorial of their service. The church enters upon its second century conscious of the fact that "our fathers worshipped in the mountains" and with the inspiration that comes from a study of the glorious past is coupled a determination to make the future even more glorious. The movement looking toward a fitting observance of the centennial occasion was first started in June 1894, and from time to time meetings were held, which finally culminated in the centennial anniversary, June 21–23, at which time the following program was carried out:

PROGRAM.

Sunday, June 21.

11:00 A. M.

Organ Voluntary,—Theme and Variations, op. 14, No. 2, - - - - - - - Beethoven

Mrs. J. C. Ball.

Doxology, - - - - - - -
Invocation, - - - - - -
Gloria, - - - - - - - -
Responsive Reading,—Psalm 77, - - -
Hymn No. 25, - - - - - - -
Scripture Reading, - - - - Rev. J. Petrie
Prayer, - - - - - Rev. Nathan Bosworth
Solo.—"Come unto me." - - - - Coenen

Miss Helen Fuller.

Hymn No 254. - - - - - - -
Notices, - - - - - - -
Offertory,—Andante, - - - - - Battman

Sermon, - - - - - - Rev. J. C. Ball
Prayer, - - - - - - -
Hymn No. 714. - - - - - -
Benediction, - - - - - Rev. W. W. Cole
Organ Postlude,—Allegro, - - - Volckmar

SUNDAY, JUNE 21.

7:30 P. M.

Organ Voluntary,—Prelude, - - - - Stern
Invocation, - - - - - - -
Hymn No. 99. - - - - - -
Scripture Reading, - - - - Rev. W. W. Cole
Prayer, - - - - - - Rev. J. Petrie
Anthem.—Praise ye the Father, - - - Gounod
Hymn No. 129. - - - - - -
Sermon, - - - - - Rev. Nathan Bosworth
Prayer, - - - - - - -
Hymn No. 95. - - - - - - -
Benediction. - - - - - -

MONDAY, JUNE 22.

7:30 P. M.

Organ Voluntary,—Adagio, - - - - Theo. Winter
Hymn No. 233. - - - - - - - - -
Prayer, - - - - - - - Rev. Ira D. Brown
Solo, - - - - - - - - Rev. H. Grant Person
Address,—Pioneer Influence, - - - - Rev. J. Petrie
Duet, - - - - - - Rev. and Mrs. Smith Ordway
Hymn No. 459. - - - - - - - - - -
Benediction. - - - - - - - - - -

Following this service an informal reception was held in the parlors of the church.

TUESDAY, JUNE 23.

10:00 A. M.

Organ Voluntary,—Gloria, - - - - - - Mozart
Hymn No. 1. - - - - - - - - -

Prayer, - - - - - - - - - - -
Anthem, - - - - - - - - - - -
Address, - - - - - - - - Rev. W. W. Cole
Hymn No. 986. - - - - - - - - - -
Address, - - - - - - - - Rev. A. J. Abeel
Solo, - - - - - - - Miss Elizabeth Chapman
Address,—The Fiftieth part of a Century, Rev. Smith Ordway
Hymn No. 371. - - - - - - - - - -
Benediction. - - - - - - - - - -

TUESDAY, JUNE 23.

2:30 P. M.

Organ Voluntary,—op. 28, No. 1. - - - - - Schutt
Hymn No. 252. - - - - - - - - - -
Prayer, - - - - - - - - - - -
Solo, - - - - - - - - - Miss Helen Fuller
Address,—Greeting from the Churches of our Neighboring
City, - - - - - Rev. Geo. B. Spalding, D. D.
Duet, - - - - - - Rev. and Mrs. Smith Ordway
Address, - - - - - - - Hon. Frank Hiscock
Poem,—The old Church Speaks, - - Mrs. Chas. Clements
Read by MISS JENNIE A. JEROME.
Informal Addresses by Neighboring Pastors. - - -
Hymn No. 1056. - - - - - - - - -
Benediction. - - - - - - - - - -

TUESDAY, JUNE 23.

7:30 P. M.

Organ Vuluntary,—Andante from Mozart, - - Bendel
Hymn No. 316. - - - - - - - - - -
Prayer, - - - - - - - - - - -
Solo, - - - - - - - - Rev. H. Grant Person
Address, - - - - - - Rev. Hiram C. Haydn, D.D.
Quartette,—Mrs. Smith, Miss Chapman, Rev. G. P. Sewall
and Mr. M. W. Smith. - - - - - - -
Reminiscences and parting words, - - - - - -
Hymn,—"Auld Lang Syne." - - - - - - -
Benediction. - - - - - - - - - -

SERMON.

BY THE REV. JOHN C. BALL, PASTOR FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

"Remove not the ancient land mark
Which thy fathers have set."

PROV. 22, 28.

Principles know nothing of years. Truth is not hampered by time, and the revelation of God first made known at the dawn of creation, is yet as new as every morning. The seed of divine truth may be long in showing its fruitage but of the final harvest there can be no doubt. It is to the glory of God that thought in the human family remains unbroken. That though the thinker may be carried to other spheres of activity and of wider usefulness, yet in the mind and heart of another he lives. Time works many changes. Years come and go, one generation rejoices in the works of another and then passes on, but through it all like a golden cord that cannot be broken runs the divine purpose.

Impressive as may be this occasion to us, at the summit of a century's history it is made doubly so, when we consider that thousands of witnesses with joys and sorrows like unto our own while on the earth now in the clear sunlight of heaven enter into our hopes and aspirations and became the sharers in our rejoicing. One year

of history may mean little more than another under ordinary circumstances, but in the long line of the redeemed every year of this century speaks to some one and endears itself, and as a land-mark indicates the beginning of the new life. To us looking backward there can be no just appreciation of what it all means. The joys, privileges and comforts that we know were unknown to the fathers and mothers who united to form this household of faith. Truth is cumulative as well as eternal, and each year of privilege and fulfilled promise has but served to increase our responsibility in meeting the great questions of life, and intensify our admiration for those who under circumstances less propitious have been true and loyal to the cause of Jesus Christ.

Our thought this morning spans the century and imagination must serve us in good stead if we give a proper setting to the picture presented. Forest everywhere, save here and there a clearing where the industry of man has opened a way for God's sunlight to warm the soil that has been shaded throughout countless ages. Here and there a single log-cabin and winding paths that led to the valley below. In these days of rapid transit and easy communication we can but little appreciate the inconveniences and privations of our rugged and courageous ancestors, and yet what a heritage is borne to us across this century of years. In it we discover the source of many present blessings and its true reading is full of incitements to a better and a more spiritual life. As to the impulse which may and should come to us at such a time as this Emerson has well said. "There is a relation between the

hours of our life and the centuries of time. As the air I breathe is drawn from the great repository of nature, as the light on my book is yielded by a star a hundred millions of miles distant, as the poise of my body depends on the equilibrium of contrifugal and contripetal forces, so the hours should be instructed by the ages, and the ages explained by the hours," and again "all that is said of the wise man by stoic or oriental or modern essayist describes to each reader his own ideas, describes his unattained but attainable self. * * * The student is to read history actively and not passively; to esteem his own life the text, and books the commentary. Thus compelled, the muse of history will utter oracles as never to those who do not respect themelves. I have no expectation that any man will read history aright who thinks that what was done in a remote age by men whose names have resounded far has any deeper sense than what he is doing today. From which we infer that, if we would know the deep doctrines which is written in the hundred years history of this church, that is most exalted, we must do and be the history over again. This occasion becomes then one of instruction as well as one of inspiration. We shall gain little by our retrospect if it does not beget within us a greater determination to make the future still brighter. No chapter in history will be read by us with more interest than that which contains the account of the foundation of this church. As the apostles of old gathered in one place that, having received the gift of pentecostal power, they might lay the foundation of the Christian church, so we find a little company assembled for the

exercise of that same gift in the establishment of this branch of the church militant. Far removed from the scenes of their childhood; denied the gospel privileges that had been their lot in far-away New England, yet the principles of true religion, which were first given utterance on American soil at Plymouth Rock, filled every heart and home and found expression at every fireside. No wonder then that we find this little community, as yet destitute of a single frame dwelling, seeking for that closer union and that spiritual temple which was to become the help and inspiration of all, and mark the beginning of this epoch of history.

The church was organized, as you know, with twenty-two members, by the Rev. Ammi R. Robbins, of Norfalk, Conn., and as insignificant as that bit of history may seem when taken by itself, it was full of meaning to the coming generations, full of meaning to us today. The silence which had before been broken only by the wild beasts of the forest and still wilder savages, was thenceforth to be given voice in songs of praise and great sobs of prayer.

Men were to be taught the great truths of the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man, and "as a city set upon a hill cannot be hid" so this center of divine life was destined to become the great controlling influence of this community. From the very beginning the church seems to have been characterized by healthy and vigorous growth. There is a simplicity and trustfulness about the faith of our fathers that is most refreshing to one in seasons of doubt and discouragement, and certainly no one

can read the covenant of this church as it was written and subscribed to on that memorable 19th of Oct. 1796, without feeling that he breathes the atmosphere of a past in which God is accounted supreme in every thing, and that man created by a loving Being with so much of promise, may one day be brought back into divine favor, and live indeed in the image and likeness of God. If we are to form any just estimate of the work of this century of progress; if we are to follow the development of the divine seed from the time of its first sowing through each succeeding seed-time and harvest; if indeed we are to know why, long years after those who first assembled to to form this church have gone to their last sleep it still stands as the embodiment of truth and righteousness; in fine if we are to know the reason for the abiding and eternal character of the Christian faith, we must find it in this sacred covenant of promise which, founded upon the word of God, must be as unchangeable and eternal as the Deity Himself. Hence we may lay down as the first reason for the success of this church as well as that of every other branch of the church of Jesus Christ that it is securely founded in unchanging truth.

The interests of a human soul are of supreme importance. No vacillating or changing truth can safely be used as the foundation upon which it is to build its hopes for eternity. No one will presume to take issue on this point. So sensible are men that they need a foundation for hope toward God, that every one is disposed to lay his own. Everyone feels that without some restitution made to a holy God, sin cannot be pardoned nor the sin-

ner saved. The question at once suggests itself. What is the true foundation for our faith? Where shall an adequate restitution be found? In answering these questionings of the human heart the voice of prophecy and that of sacred history speak in harmony. "Therefore, thus saith the Lord God: Behold I lay in Zion a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone for a firm foundation," and the inspired apostle, catching the spirit of these words and appealing to the experience and insufficiency of man, is led to exlcaim, "For other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ." The insufficiency of man and the sufficiency of God is a truth not readily learned, but it lies at the basis of all true spiritual growth and development. Pride suffers many defeats in the contest of life and nowhere more frequently than when we are made conscious of our own inability to do the works of righteousness, relying upon our own strength. Our forefathers were not slow to grasp the truth of this doctrine and hence when we open the records of this old church, pages yellowed now by the onward march of time, we are not surprised to find the covenent relation expressed in this language: "We do now in the presence of God, angels and men, so far as we know our own hearts, solemnly choose and avouch the Lord, Jehovah, Father, Son and Holy Spirit to be our God Jesus Christ to be our Mediator and the Holy Ghost to be our Sanctifier. We give up ourselves, souls and bodies to be the Lord's, together with our seed, faithfully to serve him in the ways of his appointment sincerely promising by the help and assistance of divine grace that we will

deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and live soberly in the world, and renouncing sin and Satan, we do bind ourselves to walk together in a church state in Christian fellowship and communion in all the ordinances of the gospel." Thus was the covenant established between this band of devoted followers of Christ, and the God of faithful Abraham. What whole-hearted whole-souled consecration is this! I cannot but believe that the third chapter of First Corinthians must have been a favorite portion of the Scripture to those who gave expression to such genuine consecration. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God?" says the apostle, and the line of argument is most natural and logical. If Christians are the temple of God, and if the spirit of God dwells in them, no stronger motive can bear upon them than the need of holiness, and holiness is a matter of personal concern. A man's duties to the church are duties to the spirit of God in the church, and the purity of principle and affection, purity of motive and aim, purity of life which he is bound to maintain, in brief his spiritual character grows out of his relation to the Holy Ghost. The church of Jesus Christ is much more than a society for mutual helpfulness, much more than a human institution and most truly human when most divine. It is a medium which in a large degree must furnish to the world its knowledge of a redeemer and the doctrine of the new incarnation is that of Christ made real to the world in you and in me and in every follower of the Divine Master.

We cannot get away if we would from the foundation upon which our fathers were satisfied to build. Eternal

truth that originated in the bosom of God, lies at the foundation of this spiritual temple, and though the pages of this old bible have been made to yield "treasures new and old," though these scriptures have ever been given a great variety of interpretations by each age of the world's history, to-day we stand where the fathers of the church stood, where all the saints and apostles have stood and looking into the face of our heavenly Father we can say "I know him whom I have believed and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." Yes the truth of God is unchanging and it is the glory of the work of Christ's church that it moves on after the workers have finished their tasks and gone to their reward, and in this truth we see another reason for success. What an army of the faithful would fill this presence if we could in a moment's time, muster all the forces that have preceded us on this field of action. But being denied that privilege, we can still rejoice in their works, for truly "their works do follow them." The glory of the Christian church is not alone in its foundation, but also in the indestructibility of the materials of which it is composed.

The soul of man is immortal and redeemed souls form the superstructure that is reared upon the foundation. It is indeed a wonderful provision God has made for the expression of the divine life. Human effort taken by itself avails but little, but when coupled with the mind and will of Almighty God, there is no limit to the possibilities of attainment.

Could I summon before you this morning the long

line of faithful pastors whose names and service are held in such grateful remembrance and ask of each one that same question that Paul asked of himself, "For what is your hope, or joy or Crown of rejoicing?," I am sure that the answer in every instance would not be polished discourses and literary efforts but rather that God had been pleased to honor their ministry by turning souls from darkness to light. It is not working but co-working that evidences the spirituality of the service and gains its recompense.

If it is true that in the universe of God nothing is left at loose ends, equally is it a fact that no one placing himself in line with the plan and purpose of God can fail of seeing the reward of his toil. It may be in another sphere of activity that he receives the recompense but there is no failure in the economy of God.

This century has witnessed the building of a spiritual edifice in which each part finds its own setting and shows divine beauty only as it shows divine life. Every true worker, now, in proportion as his work is true indeed, reveals the Father to the eyes of his fellow men.

In this sense there is much of beauty in the lines of Goethe, as translated by Carlyle:

"In Being's floods, in Action's storm
I walk and work, above, beneath,
Work and weave in endless motion
Birth and Death and infinite Ocean,
A seizing and giving the fire of living
'Tis thus at the roaring loom of time I ply
And weave for God, the garment thou seest Him by."

To you and to me is committed the task that was assigned to the disciples of old, the task that has been assumed by all the followers of Christ, that of making Him a real power in the matter of daily living;and if this old church stands for nothing else today, if its hallowed and sacred walls echo no other thought this morning that shall find an abiding place in your hearts and become a living force in your life, may the thought that Christ died that you might live, awaken within you a new impulse to *live*.

But there is another thought that comes to me at this time suggestive of the glory and success of the Christian church, viz., that it invites all men to share in its privileges.

However far we may become separated from each other in matters secondary in importance, gathering in our different regiments to carry on the work of the Kingdom, we cannot get away from the doctrine of a full and free redemption and the offer of mercy that is sufficient to meet the needs of all mankind. I rejoice this morning in the thought that from this desk there goes forth as for a century past this welcome and soul-stirring invitation "Whosoever will may come." "All things are yours" says the inspired writer in a burst of enthusiasm. Workers are secondary and their work is eternal in its influence. There is no room and no excuse for party spirit and dividing lines in the church of Jesus Christ. I thank God that the dividing lines are being wiped out and that the names of denominations are being subordinated into their proper places as legitimate divisions of our

united church. There is no time for a weakening of forces. Christianity declares that we do not belong to Paul, Appollos or Peter, but that they belong to us, and all divine in them ministers to the divine in us so that our life superabounds by means of theirs.

All Christendom is coming to stand on a common platform and why should they not? I have quoted in another place from the covenant of this church and what is there contained in it to which every Christian cannot assent? We are surely getting back to first principles, to the fundamental doctrines taught by Christ and his disciples and from those there is no appeal. God's door of mercy stands wide open and all the influences are at hand to lead every soul into life. To preach redeeming love as shown in the death of Jesus Christ, to point men to this same Christ as their Redeemer is the work of every Christian of every church. This has been the work of this century of church history. Redeeming love has been the burden of the message, and as it is brought to us anew today it is full of inspiration. We look back over these years and endeavor to become sharers in the triumphs and defeats of those who have gone on before; but duty is in the present time not in the past, and the summons is forward not backward. To us is entrusted the responsibility of opening the second century. To some but a few years of earthly service remain, to others perchance a longer period, but to all alike there is the demand of faithfulness. Well may we be proud of the old church whose graceful spire for so many years has pierced the clouds and pointing heavenward has been symbolic of the

divine teaching within her walls. Twenty-two pastors have here broken the Bread of Life. More than one thousand names inscribed on her roll; and who can estimate the great influences that having been generated here and have permeated every department of public and private life.

Ministers, teachers, doctors, lawyers, statesmen and others, who first learned the lessons from God's truth within these walls, have gone forth bearing the precious seed into other fields of sowing and in that great beyond "where from the east and the west, from the north and the south they shall come and sit down in the Kingdom of God," who can doubt but that "they will come rejoicing bringing their sheaves with them." Rightly indeed do we glory in the past. It is our rightful heritage but equally so ought we to glory in the present and in the boundless opportunities by the future. If the work of the past has been great, that of the future may become equally great. A great cloud of witnesses surrounds us this morning and the finger-point is directed toward the open doors of the twentieth century.

As the eagle wing smites the upper air in its buoyant strength, and the eagle eye, catching a radiance unknown in the thick atmosphere of earth, commands the scope of a vast horizon, so on this mount of privilege today the divine fullness of Christ, and the sublimity of humanity in Christ kindles into rapture the heart of this church, and opens a new field of vision for our exploration. Twenty-five years ago the sons and daughters of old Pompey met to renew the ties of love and kinship.

Since then many of them have passed into the great beyond. To-day the old church extends a hearty welcome to all that still tarry on this side of the river, and in our season of rejoicing, we would all look up and beyond where, in the pleasant pastures and by the still waters, there shall be the final rejoicing, the final recompense, and the church militant shall become the church triumphant.

Truly

"'Our cup runneth over our life is so bright
So brimming with mercy and love,
It seems just a springtine of sunshine and light,
Blest foretastes of better above."

Pure as sunlight, inspiring as a strain of sweet music is our glimpse of heaven and of the triumph of the church.

"And on that joyous shore
Our lightened hearts shall know
The life of long ago;
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade forever more."

Standing as a landmark in the pathway of life the old church speaks to us today. Precious memories cluster around these scenes and with hearts full of gratitude and praise to God, the listening ear catches this message of the century:

"So live that you each year may be,
While time glides softly by,
A little farther from the earth
And nearer to the sky."

Pioneer Influence.

BY THE REV. J. PETRIE.

This is a happy auspicious hour and I congratulate myself upon the opportunity of taking part in this centennial anniversary. I congratulate myself that for a quarter of a century since I first formed your acquaintance I have had the opportunity of dwelling pleasantly among you. I congratulate myself upon the happy memories of my pastorate for a period of twelve years, and if pastor Ball has a warmer place in the hearts of the people, then I have had during all those years, then I congratulate him.

The people of Pompey are elevated as the world about us has had occasion to know, elevated in location, elevated in character and I trust also elevated in aspiration for the future. Pompey has had a magnificent past and may its coming years be still more worthy and glorious.

Pioneer influence is a very congenial theme. I can go back only a quarter of a century but during my ministry here I followed to his last resting place Mr. Ebenezer Butler, one whose life covered the entire history of the town up to the day of his death; but my friend Dr. Hayden, born among you, can go back half a century and knew many of the pioneers who have left their indelible

impress upon this community, and there are those of the second generation yet living whose life with that of their fathers spans the whole century.

Pioneer influence has its basis in character and character rules the world. We do not know how much we and this whole community owe to it. Some of the early settlers lie sleeping in yonder beautiful hillside cemetery, and they have long since taken their departure; but they are not dead; their influence lives and is a very active factor in the character and forces of the present. If we had only kept up their standard, if we had only more worthily emulated their lives this would prove even a more auspicious hour. What noble men and women in the past! I love to think of their virtues and sterling qualities of character. They have risen to eminence in every profession and in all the walks of life.

I once asked Dr. Stearns why Pompey had produced so many persons of distinction and I shall never forget his reply: "Mr. Petrie you would not be surpried if you had known the early settlers; they were men of the most remarkable physique of any class I ever knew." That was the foundation, a well developed and vigorious manhood, and then the influence of the church and of the Academy, of the pure air and fine scenery made a magnificent superstructure.

Pioneer influence has its germ in the stock from which it springs. There is something behind the men and women who first came to Pompey to make it their permanent home. If you wish to know the character of the stream there is nothing better than to go to its source.

The early settlers were mainly of New England origin. They were God-fearing men and women as were the generations before them. Their qualities of character were inherited no less than cultured. It was comparatively easy to lead them in obedience to the God of their fathers. They expected to enter upon such a life as they saw it exemplified before them. It was their ideal of a wise, correct and happy life.

How different from other sections of the country which we can all call to mind, where the first impressions were irreligious and where the influence still lingers. Have any of you ever lived in a community settled by an irreligious ancestry and where the trend of society was in that direction. How marked the influence upon everything about you. Some good people have come in who have had a religious training and they are the salt that saves it. They rally Christian influences around them, establish and sustain churches and become the nucleus of the best elements and forces in the community. But when you get away from the immediate vicinity of the churches where irreligion has descended from father to son, you will find people uncouth, uncultured, untrained and will wonder where they have lived and how it is possible for humanity to grow up in such a shape. If you have watched the passing throng on some attractive public holiday, you can hardly fail to be amused in spite of the sadness which you witness. The hardest battle that has ever been fought in our world, is to redeem such a community from the trend of an early irreligious life. There is about every ism known to the world and the

intrenched fortifications of evil are bristling with weapons. And some of these weapons handled with skill and long experience exert quite a local influence.

Education and training can do much for our fallen humanity but there must be some foundation on which to build. A friend of mine told me of an experiment where the waifs of society were picked up early and placed under excellent religious teaching and influence with the idea of preparing them for the Christian ministry. In itself it was a very commendable idea to take children from the wrong end of society and put them at the head of its highest and best forces. As they were at play one day, one little fellow was heard to say, "I tell you what it is boys when I grow up I am going to be a horse minister," and this was very largely the result of the experiment which after satisfactory trial was abandoned.

Education and training are doubtless illimitable blessings and accompanied with proper moral influences are in the highest degree salutary, but blood will tell. There is such a thing as heredity and even the grace of God cannot make oak out of basswood.

We may therefore congratulate ourselves today that the early pioneers of Pompey were men of principle, integrity, character, God-fearing men who lived for a purpose and accomplished more than they ever dreamed for their posterity. There is no inheritance which is so precious as the inheritance of a good name, the inheritance of a Christian home, the inheritance of a pious mother's example, of her tender, touching prayers and of her deep solicitude in everything that

concerns our present and future welfare. Inherited blessings. Who can weigh them? Who can appreciate them in all their fullness and preciousness? The influence of the early pioneers will live long as this town shall live. God bless their memory.

Now let us look more particularly at the elements which entered into their character.

What hardy toil was before them! The farms orignally purchased were an unbroken forest. The first settler, Mr. Jesse Butler, erected his cabin and cleared a plot of ground for a garden, to supply the wants of his family. In 1792 he brought his family. The second year after he occupied his cabin there came three other tenants with their families in this one cabin until they could build one for themselves. The lines of division and occupation must have been largely imaginary and could not have been any more formidable than a chalk mark across the floor. Four families with children in one house, yes in one room, was decidedly neighborly, and yet for the few weeks it was necessary for them to remain together they enjoyed themselves and had a good time, and when they separated they doubtless had an affectionate parting.

Think of a pioneer with his wife and first born coming into a cabin with two chairs, one bed and an old fashioned chest. If they had only two visitors they occupied the chairs as posts of honor, but if there were more the chest and the bed supplied the lack. If there were more than two at the table, blocks of wood supplied the extra guests with seats.

And there was an unbroken forest to clear and wheat to raise at 50 cents per bushel at Albany, the only farm produce that sold for cash. This pioneer owned no team but was dependent upon his neighbor for a team to put in his crops, giving two days work for one. And when his wheat was harvested and threshed, ready for market, he was obliged to hire this neighbor to carry it to Albany to realize 50 cents per bushel, and yet that pioneer at such a disadvantage paid for his farm and there were doubtless many like him.

Ah that meant manliness and manhood. The man who could fall a forest to make a farm has my profound admiration, and then what sacrifice and self-denial they must have endured! Their clothing was almost wholly of their own manufacture. There was always a patch of flax for summer wear and sufficient sheep for winter clothing and warm bedding.

But there was the closest and most uncompromising economy. Money was only spent for absolute necessities. The boys were not furnished pennies to buy candies at will and the girls did not have wax dolls; but no boys and girls were ever more happy. They enjoyed life to the brim. Industry, economy, sacrifice and self-denial were the elements which made them strong and noble men and women.

And yet with all their poverty they were not penurious. The gospel was sustained from the beginning and it was only possible to build the Academy by mortgaging their farms to raise the necessary funds. Such an ancestry is an untold blessing and benefaction to any community.

They clearly fore-saw the advantage of the best mental as as well as moral developement and left nothing undone to secure it.

Let us again look at the fruit which this influence bore.

The pioneers did wisely to locate on the high ground of Pompey. They found a fruitful soil to reward the labors of the husbandman. They found a healthful climate free from chills and fever. Good health is one of the essentials for the best developements of character and this they enjoyed. Neither body or mind can do its best without it.

The church and school house were not only side by side but for quite a while in the same building. During the week it was school and during the Sabbath it was worship. And what teachers they had in the olden time! They were men of talent and ability, of learning and piety. Many of them would have adorned a professor's chair in college. What thoroughness of drill, what development of mind,and what debates the students used to have. With many the germ of future eloquence was born there. The lyceum was an attraction to the community.

We do not now realize the early fame of Pompey Academy. It was the most distinguished school in all this section of country. And on commencement occasions the patrons of the school far and near filled the church to overflowing. Many of the citizens of the place denied themselves the privileges of the entertainment to make room for strangers out of town. Pompey Academy in those days had a name and a history.

And under all these favorable circumstances what was

to hinder the very best development of character. The influence of the home, the influence of the church, the influence of the school made the best possible surroundings and brought forth magnificent fruit. It furnished some of the most successful business men like Hon. Wm. G. Fargo and Hon. Charles Hayden who were elevated to the highest place of honor in the gift of their respective cities, Buffalo and Rochester, and in such an audience I need not name the eminent statesmen which Pompey has produced * in Governors of States, United States Senators, Attorney General and Congressman, nor its eminent professional men who have adorned the bar and the bench of the Supreme Court of this state, nor of the distinguished physician who was in the front rank of his profession at St. Louis, nor of the eminent clergyman who is at the front in his own denomination in Cleveland, Ohio. Nor does this by any means exhaust the list. Mr. Palmer a sculptor of world-wide fame, recently deceased, was a son of Pompey; Major Gen. Slocum who did such grand service in the struggle of the rebellion was a son of Pompey, and Grace Greenwood the accomplished writer and charming poet, is a daughter of Pompey,

* For those who may not be so familiar with the past history of Pompey it may be well to mention the names of some of the distinguished statesmen etc. to whom reference is here made: Gov. Seymour, of this state, and Gov. Jerome, of Michigan, United States Senator Frank Hiscock and George W. Williams who was also Attorney General, Mr. Frank Hiscock was also Congressman from this district, Hon. Charles B. Sedgwick eminent at the bar, Hon. Leroy Morgan, Judge of the Supreme Court of this state, Dr. Charles Stevens one of the most distinguished physicians of St. Louis, Rev. Hiram Hayden, DD. LL. D., of Cleveland, Ohio, in the front rank of Presbyterian clergymen.

and could she be present would fitly crown this happy anniversary.

The pioneers cleared these farms upon which we look with such pleasure and spread out before us the magnificent scenery by which we are surrounded. They built the Academy which with its successor has accomplished so important a part in the education of each successive generation. They built this house of worship in which we are assembled, which has been such an inestimable blessing both in the past and present. The fruits of their life eternity alone can reveal, but eternity can never exhaust. We cannot give them higher praise or more enduring fame.

But in this connection I cannot forbear to linger upon the memory of the noble officers of the church with whom I was associated. It would be difficult to find in any community men of greater richness and ripeness of character in the virtues and graces of the gospel. Deacon Samuel Baker and Asa H. Wells who so lovingly and happily and harmoniously served the church for forty years were rare men. Born again in the same year under the same happy religious influences,associated together from childhood and bound together in the closest ties of love and service for the same dear Master they were alway one in heart and interest and cheerful devotion to the church of their fathers. Deacon Baker himself informed me that for forty years there was not the semblance of a discord or difference between them, and Deacon George Wells and Deacon I. L. Woodford belonged to the same noble band just as true in their devotion to the church and just as

worthy and noble in character. Although, with the exception of Deacon Woodford, belonging to a past generation, they live grandly and proudly still in their influence and memory, and may Deacon Woodford long abide with us.

But as I bring this address to a close I cannot forbear to say that we are the pioneers of the coming century as our fathers were the pioneers of the past century. Our influence in the future is just as important as their influence in the past. We are to make our mark upon the coming century as they have made their mark upon the past century. What eminent possibilities are before us! What a grand and important work! What a stimulus should take hold of our whole nature and lift us up to our privileges and blessings and gird us for the mighty interests which make their present appeal. Let me plead with you that Pompey shall live in the history of the future as it has lived in the history of the past. We trust there is eminence and distinction in store for our sons and daughters which shall worthily match anything which has gone before.

I miss from our circle at least one noble son of Pompey (Mr. Frank Jerome, of Denver) in whom aspiration still lives, who in gratitude for the past desires to work out a happy future for this church in all coming time and I hope there are many like him. It was his purpose during these anniversary exercises in the largeness of his heart to secure a subscription, to which he himself would liberally contribute, for a fund which should be a permanent endowment for this church and which with

what this society should be able to raise should secure the preaching of the gospel in all its future history. According to his plan the society was always to raise a given sum, so that the endowment should not prove a crutch to lean upon, but only a stimulus to raise such a sum as would secure the effective services of an able Christian minister and secure to this community the means of grace to the latest generation. I sincerely hope that at no distant day Mr. Jerome may be permitted to come to Pompey to carry out his plan in which I am sure we would all be glad heartily to co-operate. Let us do something which shall be worthy of ourselves and which shall go down all the coming generations with cheer and blessing. What a magnificent work is before us in all the good which we may yet do and all the happy influences which we may send down to the latest time. Allow me to greet you for the coming century that you may proudly outdo all that has gone before.

Reminiscences.

AN ADDRESS BY DR. R. F. STEVENS.

Friends, members of the old church, and citizens of Pompey:—

We have assembled here in our own hill country some to meet their early kindred, and have all, together, come up to Jerusalem to worship. A long time, one hundred years ago, when the spot now occupied by this village was a mere opening in the woods, the good people who had settled hereabouts, being religiously inclined, organized a church that they might worship together the Great and All-wise Maker and Ruler of the universe according to dictates of their own conscience. A detailed history of the their earliest proceedings falls to the lot of others, but for myself I can say that later on, in 1818, this church building was standing and appeared very much as it appears to-day, with the exception of the prayer-room and tea-kettle addition in the rear. Not a hundred feet from it on the north a dwelling was erected, and its erection was celebrated, even before it was finished, by the advent of the one now addressing you, whose coming was nearer to this building than that of any other boy of that time. But I shall not claim that the prosperity of the church, the wide-spread, beneficent, religious, moral and educational

influences that eminated therefrom and gave character to the then rising generation of the village and surrounding country, was in any wise due to the fact of my spending my childhood and early manhood almost under the droppings of the eaves of this sanctuary. Here, with a few others who are present to-night, my early days were spent under the parental care of members of this church, and if the then family pew could speak it would tell of their and my own attendance, and the Bible teachings from the pulpit, that in those days, entered the ears of a membership who as a sacred custom held family prayers morning and evening.

Those were the days of the open fire-place, of andirons, of back-logs and fore-sticks, of brick ovens and bake-kettles, of warming-pans and spinning-wheels, of tallow-candles and pearl-ash, and the live coal foot-stools. And well do I remember the good mothers of this church coming to our house and filling the pans of their foot-stools with live coals from our fire-place to keep their feet warm during the service. But this is not telling of the earlier days prior to 1818, when this edifice and the original Academy were built, when the old potash was running and wood-ashes was a commercial article at one shilling a bushel.

The early-day citizens of the village and vicinity of Pompey were not only hardy men, but the section attracted from the older New England states a class of a high order of ability, and scores of names might be enumerated of those who gave to this locality the enviable reputation it has always sustained. When we revert to

the bright side of the picture in our historical contemplations, it is pardonable that we indulge in an honest pride, and speak without vanity, of those whom Pompey has sent forth to fill the highest stations in other states. They have honored their native place and themselves in successful efforts for the good of mankind, and some have been deservedly distinguished in the arts and sciences, in law, poetry and the literary world. This is a somewhat unique event, the centennial of a church. The elements of interest differ from those which enter into ordinary gatherings of the people. There is nothing to stir up partisan, selfish or ambitious zeal. We have come to celebrate the one hundredth year of a religious body, the only purpose of which has been and is to elevate the standard of religion and morals among the people within reach of its influence. Its only aim is salvation from moral degradation in this life, and for the enjoyment of everlasting happiness in a life to come. Such purposes are the highest and most ennobling of any in which mankind can be engaged. They lead to a genuine brotherhood that savors of kindness, love and respect for each other. We have come to take our places again in the old meeting house, to honor the old church, to revisit the old homestead, to drink from the old Oaken Bucket, and to climb the same old hill and breathe the pure exhilirating air of this one of the highest inhabited points in the great Empire state. In a recent speech the Hon. Thos. G. Alvord said the rapidly thriving and growing city of Syracuse would never have existed but for the influences of the manufacture of salt.

Thus I will say of this centennial church. Aside from its beneficent influences the town of Pompey would never have enjoyed the full measure of its high reputation.

But where are the venerable pastors of the church? The noble fathers, the lawyers, judges, husbandmen, artisans, the good-gifted, loving, and grand old mothers of Pompey's early day? They have gone to their rest, and may they be worthily succeeded by the present generation occupying this historic place.

There is a freshness in the gushing joy of our revisit to our childhood home, but a sad reflection comes over the mind that this will be the last jubilee some of us will ever witness. We can ramble over the meadows where we gathered ripe berries, we can look upon the spot where the school stood in which we learned to spell and read and cipher, we can remember the mirth and play of many happy hours, we can visit the peaceful graveyard and mingle tears with flowers on the graves of loved ones departed, but we try in vain to rekindle the domestic fireside and the holy feelings of our youth.

Almost every section of the town of Pompey was settled by people who were very largely descendants of the Puritans and were able to give direction, tone and character to society. The people were ruled and they worshiped by the simple rites of the Congregational church, and in connection with this worship there was a deep reverence in society for the institutions of God, and a pervading reverence for his worship.

The ministers were looked up to and reverenced. The Sabbath day was reverenced, the parents were rever-

enced, the aged were reverenced, the young were taught to honor the old. There was purity in families, and family government was efficient.

The young were taught not theoretically, but practically, the duties of obedience and industry, with inculcations calculated to make good citizens.

The laws were reverenced, men were made to believe that the law was supreme and could not be abrogated except by constitutional means.

Under the majesty of this order of things the community grew and thrived. The Academy in addition to the common school stamped impressions upon the young as well as the old, that led to enduring advancement in all that pertained to the highest respect for law and religion.

The first organization of this church was a great step forward, and it might be impossible to find one instance where the principle of reverence was more thoroughly developed than among its organizers. It is a fundamental question to-day whether the principle and reverence that are necessary to the greatest strength and beauty of society can be preserved in connection with our present civil and religious institutions.

To preserve liberty and religion the church must go on in its work like a standing army, to overlay and crush opposing elements, armed as it is with educational opportunities and the precepts of the Holy Bible.

But while the people of Pompey and the surrounding neighborhood were largely under influences of which I have spoken, adverse influences have existed and still exist. They are the bogs and by-ways into which the

spirit of reform makes slow headway. But while we feel intense regret that evils exist and pledge unremitting exertion for their overthrow, we feel that they are slight in comparison to the unlimited bounties of providence and the social and civil blessings with which we are surrounded.

This celebration is of course unprecedented. It might well remind us of the gatherings of ancient Israel, when the tribes went up to worship on mount Zion, and to all within reach of my voice I would say welcome to the warm grasp of kindred and friends,—yea, and to the centennial of this goodly old church.

While we are wont to dwell upon the pride of the town of Pompey in her sons and daughters who have gone to expend their energies under other skies, as well as those who have remained in the homes of their childhood, we too must needs tell of the reasons we have to revere and love the old church. She was organized on the summit and her founders breathed the pure air of this high old hill. As decendants of the Puritans, they had to use the wisdom and mature manhood of their fathers who landed on the rocky shores of New England and it is due to their indomitable energies that we are able to gather—when a hundred years have passed—in this sacred place to hold a day of congratulations and sweet reflections. And may this gathering not fail to remind us of that greater gathering, of that better home, "when they shall come from the east and the west, from the north and the south, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of God." With

that assembly may we all be gathered.

I will close by expressing the hope that this church may continue onward in its old-time effective influence for good that has so long characterized its works.

Dolly Matilda Jerome.

Dolly Matilda Jerome.

Dolly Matilda Jerome whose face is familiar to all in the old church, was born in Pompey, Sept. 29, 1817, being the youngest of eleven children. Her father, Levi Jerome, was one of the charter members of this church and was the first clerk. Miss Jerome has always resided in Pompey, making her home at present with Wm. J. Mason, of Watervale. She has the distinguished honor of being the only surviving member, so far as known, of any of the original families of the church. Her name first appears on the church record under date of May 31, 1818, when she received the ordinance of baptism and again on July 1, 1838, when she entered into full communion with the church. The presence of Miss Jerome at the centennial exercises gave added interest to the occasion.

One-Fiftieth Part of a Century.

BY REV. SMITH ORDWAY.

A great event has called us together on this occasion. A hundred years is a period of time with which we are familiar, as we have read our text books of history, and have listened to the oratory of our patriotic speakers. We have comprehended the greatness, in large part, of the land in which we live: the power that exists in our resources as a nation. But now we are to think of a hundred years of church life, a hundred years of prayer-meetings, a hundred years of Sunday School work, a hundred years of social life as a people, a hundred years of struggle and anxiety, and it has kept on till now a hundred years of life and work have elapsed since this old historic church was first organized.

Very naturally our thoughts will revert to the past. We are all calling up pictures of years ago, and of the impressions church life and influence made at that time upon our hearts and lives.

I can see an old wood-colored church, with the hemlock trees in front. The tree was scraggly, and it made a good place for us boys to sit under during the short interval between the morning sermon and the Sunday School. The pews, cushionless and uncomfortable, are

vividly before my mind's eye. Sitting nearly in front of the pulpit I can still see the picture of the Dead Sea on the map behind the minister, and I wondered what made it look so much like a human hand. How gloomy and awful seemed the old church, when a coffin rested upon the little table in front, and the friends of the departed one took seats near that table.

But it was not *all* sadness there. Those Christmas Trees will never be forgotten. Such joy and delight can not be experienced again. The pic-nics and celebrations in connection with the Sunday School and congregation are indelibly impressed.

Perhaps the most emphatic impression made was that of the people who were the regular attendants. Aged ones and those in middle life, and even the young men and women, made a deep and abiding impress upon my boyish heart, and it will dwell with me as long as I live. The voices of the Deacons, as they offered prayer, either in the Sunday School or in prayer-meeting, are vividly before me in memory. As I recall these scenes, there are others before me, who go back in memory and call up other scenes.

While one boy was receiving impressions from church life and work, at the same time, other boys, and also girls were being impressed by the powers at work in this church. Many before me to-day can go back in personal recollections for many years, and bring the panorama of the past before the mind again. And by tradition, much more can be pictured.

As I think of the share I am permitted to take in this

celebration, I hardly know whether to laugh or cry. My own relations with this church suggest the idea of beginnings. I began my ministry in this church.

Since I learned of this anniversary celebration I have asked myself many times, "How many beginnings in other ways has this church been instrumental in getting under way ?

Others than myself will tell of her past history, and of the large congregations that used to assemble to listen to the preaching of the Word. Two sermons a Sunday for one hundred years make about ten thousand sermons that have been delivered on the Sabbath. How many of these have fallen short of helping in some degree a human soul ? Who can answer ! How many lives do you suppose have been helped to begin a better manner of living, by reason of some one of these sermons ? Who can tell ! How many have been aided to a purer life, by reason of the prayers that have gone up before God from this church ! No one can estimate the good that has been done. Some sentence that has fallen from the lips of the minister, has fallen in the heart of a chance listener and been remembered, and has brought forth fruit in abundance, and while there will be traced evidences of this kind to their source, many and many a seed has been sown, that never will be accounted for in this life and is known only to Him to whom all is plain. What of this Sunday School, and the little lives that received impulses in some specific direction. Who ever hesitates to affirm that the forces of this church have always been in the right direction. Those who know it best will be the most

strongly convinced of this statement. Statesmen and others, eminent in this world for true worth and ability, have made for themselves a name who received their beginning here in Pompey, and how much do you suppose this church has had to do with it all? Who can tell!

It is not the largest seeds that produce the greatest results, as we see by Christ's allusion to the mustard seed as the least of seeds and when it is grown being the greatest among herbs and becometh a tree so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof. It is a little thing, and yet who can tell how much influence has been exerted for good, in beholding from Sunday to Sunday, and from Thursday to Thursday, certain individuals or families, regularly taking their way toward the house of God, to participate in His worship. People in this little village, have been witnessing the coming and going of those who have worshipped in this church for many years, and are we able to estimate the power for good this simple fact may have had upon their lives.

At the Preparation Service, immediately preceding Communion, men have not failed to observe that *some* of their neighbors have stopped their work in the middle of the afternoon, or at noon, and with their families, or a portion of them have wended their way to this church for God's worship. I say do we suppose this has been without some effect upon those who did not take any active interest in the work of the church? My pen could easily run on, tracing the lines of influence that have gone forth from this church in various ways, but I must pass to more specific matters. I well remember my first visit

to this place. It was ten years ago this month. I was one of seven passengers on the stage from Syracuse. My view on Sunday afternoon from the top of Cemetery Hill I have always remembered. Many times since have I seen the same objects, but it was with a different feeling that I beheld them for the first time.

Later I learned to love the "Hill," not only for what beauty there was to be observed from its height, but more especially because of the people who lived here. Two years of occasionally supplying this pulpit passed away and in May 1888 found Seminary work completed, the last examination over, and on the 22nd of that month I came from Onativia with her who has been my inspiration and comfort during the past eight years. Right over across the street in yonder parsonage I began my wedded life. Do you wonder that I love Pompey? Kind and thoughtful friends had preceded us, and made some preparations for our coming. And all through that summer there was abundant evidence of thoughtful consideration on the part of different ones, as help was received, in getting the domestic part of living in working order.

I came in feeble health, and the breezes of this pinnacle, and the invigorating air, soon enabled me to regain my wonted health which by the blessing of God has continued ever since. But I see I am very personal. However I suppose this is largely an experience meeting and my fraction has a large denominator, while the numerator is small. I can speak of only two out of the hundred periods of time, that is being celebrated on this occasion. I have heard it said that Pompey is a good place to go

away from. Of course this was done largely in jest. There is much truth in it; the reason is this: When a person goes from this place, he takes with him so much of the good that he has taken to himself, while living here, that he is greatly helped in getting started in another place. It is a grand place to make a beginning. I shall never be sorry that I began preaching here. These people are so patient with beginners. They bore with me so very kindly that I never can forget it. The impressions made upon my life and heart by the people of this church, dwell with me to-day, and enter largely into my work. They come to-day, and give added force and power to my efforts. Religion has been lived here not only in the church, but in the home. It has been a principle with this people that God should be worshipped outside as well as in the church. That religion belongs to private as well as public life. That the Bible is worthy of careful study. Yes while it occurs to my mind, allow me to say that I shall never forget how I used to be asked questions about the Sunday School lesson on the evening of the Monday preceding the study of the lesson. I may as well own up how I was compelled to acknowledge that I had not looked at the lesson for that day yet. I will reveal the name of him who thus prompted me to study my Sunday School lesson early in the week. He taught a Bible class who occupied seats right there. He helped me arrange my garden. He told me about many things I needed to know in order to make the most out of my opportunities. He helped me get started in many ways. He helped me make beginnings. Associated with

the history of this church will be his name, and the members and friends of this church with myself will not soon forget the character and name of *Deacon Henry H. Baker.*

Perhaps you who have lived here for years do not know some things about your neighbors, therefore I am about to give out some secrets concerning another man. He used to transact business in handling groceries and the like, in a stone store opposite the church on the other side of the street. While I lived here he was also employed in the post-office department in this place. In more ways than one can I bear personal testimony to the many favors and acts of kindness received at his hands. I told him when he was helping me make the revolving book shelves that I should ever think of him whenever I looked at them and how many times has that been verified. This man not only helped me begin to do many things, but I discovered that I was often compelled to go to him also that he might help me finish them up. Within the last two weeks as I had occasion to handle some appliances I had carefully preserved, I turned one of the boxes bottom upward and there on the under side of the top board I read, in large letters *J. V. Butts, Pompey, N. Y.*

Time would fail me should I attempt to barely mention in detail, all the little things that have had a large share in more firmly cementing the bonds that hold my heart to Pompey. I spent my first night on Pompey Hill with Mr. Frank L. Porter, ten years ago the fifth day of this month. This was but the beginning of many pleasant associations that followed with my host. Let me say of this brother that if he knows how much cheer and en-

couragement he gave by his faithful and steady interest and care for the church, especially its music during the two years I was here, I feel sure that with even greater interest the same faithfulness will be exercised just as long as God shall give strength to do it.

I could call a long roll of names in this connection and bear personal testimony to the good received at the hands of each, but time will not permit. After we had departed from this home God kindly sent a little life to us, and the many tokens of interest and love, received in response to the announcement of her birth, assured us strongly that although absent, we were not entirely forgotten.

Even this summer every time I oil the axles of my carriage, I make use of an instrument that was laid upon the porch of the parsonage over yonder one New Year's morning. If you wish to know more about this ask him who can tell you much more than I, especially about its earlier history, Mr. Frank Porter. Yes, just a few days since I picked up a bag in my barn and read upon it the name of M. V. Miller. So it goes. How can I help but think of Pompey? Often as our breakfast was being prepared, I would have the cake turner held before my eyes and would hear the remark "Arthur, one of my boys gave this to me." Then when I had occasion to drive in a screw in a bracket or something of that kind, I would display the handle of my screwdriver and say "that's Benny's work."

These are some of the little things that keep fresh the memories of the past. But these are not all that I have to think about on this occasion. I was always impressed

by the fact that so many gave a large place in their lives, their business, time and strength to the church. It was not wholly a secondary affair. They loved it and were not afraid or ashamed to manifest that affection. Trained as ministers are to serve the church, we are very much gratified when we find hearty co-operation from the people in upholding and supporting the institution of Christ's own planting. Has not this high regard for the church on the part of the people around this hill, been one of the great factors in bringing about this celebration of a hundred years of effective service as a people? This has been characteristic of this organization from the very first. While I claimed this pulpit, Dr. Hayden preached here from the text, "I am among you as he that serveth." I have not forgotten that sermon. I believe much of this spirit has been thoroughly governing the membership of this church from the first. The people have been willing to be as one that serves. And in how many ways one can serve his church. It is done by faithfully attending her services. It is done by taking an earnest and hearty part in each service. It is done by giving our money, by giving our time, thought, care and sympathy and interest. Talking with each other about her interests. By praying together over the questions that arise.

Among such problems there doubtless have arisen in the past the question of who would take the places of the now present active ones when they are called home. Anxiety has been felt on this point in some degree, and yet, God has in some manner taken care of everything until the dear old church has reached her hundredth birth-

day, hearty and strong. Will you permit me to be the pastor of this church for a moment and ask you if you remember that during the little piece of a century which we can celebrate, twenty-seven persons united with this church, eight of them by letter and nineteen on confession of faith. Among this number were many young people. God was merciful in sparing our members, taking during that time, I think, only two who were members, Mrs. Curtis and Miss Esther Mason. To-day however there are vacancies, some have been called. They were not always in the church on the Sabbath, but I could see them and talk with them in their homes. Deacon Geo. Wells is not with us today, and how I was blessed in his presence and by his prayers in our Preparatory Services. He made a special effort to be present then. Another patriarchal form is missed. Uncle Virgil Woodford has been gathered home to his fathers like a shock of corn fully ripe.

Still another I miss both in the home as well as in the church, Mrs. John Jerome. She who was Hattie Dunham living a very near neighbor, has also passed from earth.

Mrs. Dyer whose voice I well remember hearing frequently in our prayer meetings, has been, and is now enjoying a perpetual praise service up yonder.

Another genial, cheery face that most always greeted me on Sunday morning, as I stood in this pulpit is seen no more. As my labors were nearing completion here, Mr. Samuel Jerome came forward as I came out of the pulpit and taking me by the hand said, and there was a touch of pathos in the tone, "that was a good sermon, I

wish they might be continued right along."

Inexpressibly shocked was I while on the train at Cortland to learn that the body of one of our brighest and best beloved of young women was being brought home by her father. How my heart ached for that father, bereft of this daughter, as I took him by the hand and tried to say "I am so sorry." Only a little while before the wife and mother had been taken and now for the father and husband and also for the brother and son there was a double portion of grief.

Reaching Apulia I hastened to the platform in hopes of being able to grasp the hand of the lone brother, but I did not succeed in finding him before my train started. So not only the aged and infirm, but also the young and promising have been taken. And while our hearts are saddened by these losses, at the same time we do feel comforted as we think that what is our loss is their gain.

In this church was the beginning of their lives and while yet members they were called home.

Yes there have been some changes, and while God has called some from your midst, he has also inclined several to come in with you, so that to-day you are stronger in numbers than you were six to eight years ago.

There are other than sad thoughts in this connection.

Eight years ago there was a young man here in Pompey hungering and thirsting for an education. He talked with those interested in such pursuits, and was not able fully to make up his mind what he would do. Discouragements were before him. He had fought his way and thus far had succeeded. This last year he has been instructor in Hist-

ory in Park College, Mo., having graduated from Hamilton College last June with honor. This church has doubtless borne a large part in giving a start to Mr. Thomas Burt. In the years to come Pompey Hill will be a dear spot to him. Then there's Fred, you all know Fred, doing efficient and solid work in the ministry among the people of Hastings and Parish. He is thus a delight to his mother, and an honor to the church.

One year more of study, and another young man, the son of one who has for several years been the shepherd of this flock, will enter upon the work of the Gospel ministry, Mr. Edward C. Petrie. Thus through the lives of those I have mentioned, will the influence of Pompey be extended into other lives, and the good begun here will end in eternity.

Thus beginnings still continue. One other matter will I mention and then I will give place to other good things that are to follow. Looking over some copies of the Atlantic Monthly that I might prepare them for the binder, I held in my hand the May number for 1879. Casually looking through the pages this sheet fell out.

(The speaker here called attention to the circular of the Pompey reunion held in Pompey, June 29, 1871.)

Twenty-five years ago this reunion took place. Twenty-five years ago next Monday to a day. That was a great day for Pompey. Those present to-day who participated in the exercises of that memorable day have not forgotten it. Why this notice was placed in that magazine of that date very probably as it was received by mail, and laid aside as other numbers came into the home,

why it has rested there for a quarter of a century and in close connection with this centennial celebration be made to appear to me, is a coincidence that I do not attempt to explain, but I simply acknowledge that it helped me think again of my fiftieth of a century.

In speaking of that reunion twenty-five years ago, after the great dinner in the grove and the toasts, it is said that the time intervening between that and the evening meeting was spent in social intercourse, in taking rides and walks to familiar places, which wakened the slumbering memories of early days. Some visited the old homestead, now in the hands of strangers and the various parties sought the places dearest to memory, and walked again upon the soil that gave them birth. Who could catch in imagination the panorama of thought and feeling that must have passed in review, as the thousand recollections of youthful days crowded upon their minds? So on this occasion we can say a good deal, we can look a good deal, we can put very much in our hearty handshakes, but it is impossible for us in our addresses, or speeches, or in our words in any shape or by any manner of expression to show forth to others the feelings of our hearts within. Much that lies there is too deep and too tender for expression.

Some of us are looking for many a day to go by, and many a year to close for us while we stay here, and all through these years there will be bright glowing memories of the hours we have spent together on this happy occasion. And how much richer will we be for this coming together! We will all take much inspiration with us as

we go back once more to our old life. But there are others whose spirits can begin to catch gleams of light from the other shore; their part in the making of a church, and of training character is nearly finished, and as I look into their faces to-day, I behold the calmness with which they are waiting, before them the opening of the gates of the eternal city.

Beginnings for them are nearly finished. To you on whom the burden falls of beginning another century of service, allow one interested to say to you to keep right on giving souls a good start heavenward. Whether they continue with you or not they will ever bless the day they came in touch with this church.

To you my brother, the pastor of this people, you have behind you a glorious history in this church over which you have the charge. On you will rest the responsibility for commencing another period of heaven-guiding influences. To you will your people look for guidance. May you ever be most wisely guided.

I find I have only made a beginning myself and I must follow the one law to close with only a beginning, and as we turn away from this old historic spot in the words that were used here twenty-five years ago, "Let us remember with a faith that reaches beyond the shores of time and spans the endless cycles of eternity, that upon the resurrection morn, will be another reunion of Pompey's children, past, present and future, more glorious and enduring when high upon the scroll of eternity amid the honored names of the remotest generations and the succession of generations down through the long vistas of the ages past, we shall see the names of all Pompey's children who have been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb."

Greeting from the Churches of our Neighboring City.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS BY THE REV. GEO. B. SPALDING, D. D.

At first my speaking here seems to me almost an intrusion, this joyful celebration is so largely all your own. But there are members of your family who are not here to-day to share in these festivities and to express their congratulations. These absent ones, sons of "old Pompey" and once members of this ancient church, now citizens of Syracuse and honored members of her churches have commissioned me to bear to you their tender greetings. It is a great pleasure to me then to bring back to you these blessings of so many of your own children. Our churches feel how great is their debt to you. This church antedates by nearly a quarter of a century the oldest church among us. From our first beginning you have been contributing to our growth. Through all these years you have been bestowing upon our city churches God's richest gifts, noble, Christian men and women. Here they were born; here you trained them; here you imparted to them your own grand spirit, then sent them forth to repeat your character and virtues in the best life of our city. It is with warmest gratitude in her heart

that Syracuse greets Pompey on this glad occasion.

How all differences of faith and distinctions of names go down before the deep current of any large and generous feeling. We feel to-day how these churches of so various creed and title are really one. Love such as this occasion generates levels all barriers. The gospel which is our common heritage, holds us in a unity which no party nor church can divide. At such a time as this our prayers become prophecies. The day seems sure, however far, when the Christian church will come back not only to its first love but to its first faith "and there shall be one flock, one shepherd."

This celebration takes hold upon one's deepest and most reverencing feelings. As one grows older, if he have any large soul within him, he becomes historic in his spirit, clinging with a true affection to all that is noble in the past. I love dearly old persons, old furniture, old homes. I love anything old save old theology. Religion is not theology. The older religion is the better, for that is life, and life is ever young, even from the beginning.

A church must have a history before it really amounts to much. It is so with a family. But an ancestry is one thing and a record of it is another. It is a poor family that has not a record of its noble generations written in the hearts and on the page of the present generation. I count it a great thing to be a member of a church that can point to a century of service to God, to a long line of Christian men and women who have wrought for righteousness, and have built their splendid virtues into insti-

tutions and into living souls which long survive them. The gathered memories of such a past are the mightiest inspirations for all the living. This old town, this old church are full of such inexhaustible springs of purest and strongest influences for all the future.

How the radiant beauty of this day seems like heaven's own benizon on this occasion! What bluer sky bends over any other part of earth, what other day ever brought such sweetness of air, and such splendor of sunshine!

I asked an old resident this morning if this was a specimen day. "Oh yes," he replied without a bit of hesitation, "we have 'em right along."

"Well, my friend," I said, "I'm afraid heaven will not bring you much pleasure."

"Well you see, it's a little different in the winter," said he. (Great laughter.)

But this is a beautiful country. The great prophets and singers of Israel were from her villages which nested among the hills.

I believe that this principle will hold good to the last day of time. I beseech you not to be discouraged as you look back with such fondness and regret to the old prosperous times when Pompey was the seat of learning, the throne of ecclesiastical power and the paradise of homes.

For the salvation of your own souls, for the blessing of your children, for the purity of the growing city which lies at your feet, keep the sacred fire burning on this altar. Here is the source of your best life and of our security. In the name of the churches of Syracuse, I beg of you: "Be ye faithful even unto death."

Indebtedness to the Country Church.

BY THE REV. A. J. ABEEL.

Let us place ourselves in a school room and listen. Teacher—"Name some of the most important things existing to-day that were unknown one hundred years ago." Tommy—"You and me."

It is certainly a wonderful thing to exist at all; a great thing to exist recently, to be a modern inhabitant of this earthly sphere, in this civilized and Christianized period, in times of almost miraculous advance.

We pride ourselves upon our attainments as though our own efforts have purchased them and call ourselves *self-made*; when in fact we have only appropriated much that at our birth we found *ready-made* for our use. We have been inheritors, legatees, instead of earners and fortune makers. We are debtors instead of creditors; and 'tis well now and then to get out a balance sheet and make a just estimate of our obligations. The creditors of the past are not here to plead their case. "Being dead they yet speak." We cannot ignore their silent pleas for on this occasion out of the grave of a hundred years there comes immortal evidence of what we owe to those who lived and wrought before us.

Were I to state in general the theme of my further re-

mark, it would be: "Our Indebtedness to the Country Church." Perhaps we may find that other importtant personages have existed in a hundred years besides you and me.

No one who has thought on the subject but will agree in the statement that the greatest people are the most indebted people, the greatest man the most indebted man, —that present attainment has been made possible only by previous attainment. Take modern inventions, marvels of human ingenuity; they have been made possible by what seem the childish experiments of former years, by the patient investigations of men long since gone. When we stop to search into our underpinning, lo, we find that we are borne aloft on the shoulders of the past. "Others have labored and we are entered into their labors."

Thus in every department of human progress. Thus in the divine walk of the Christian church. The pick-axe and shovel are yearly showing how much the world owes to buried civilizations. Centennial celebrations are performing a similiar office in behalf of works and workers almost forgotten.

Though our country and institutions are young in comparison with the orient, yet American history has been made so rapidly that we find occasions to build monuments, erect statues and mark historic events. What more wholesome lessons can be found than the search into these principles whose personifications made an American nation. We believe much good will come from looking up ancestral records and learning the se-

crets of the heroic past. We are to-day amid scenes historic. Pompey Hill, Pompey Academy, Pompey Church have an honored history—clear titles to our venerations.

Let us specify some who are debtors to this old church.

No one owes a greater debt to this dear old church than they who in their childhood enjoyed its ministrations; of many it can be said "this one and that one was born there." Here the school and the church were set up when men could not put down their hundreds and millions for them—but yet set up and perpetuated with sacrifice and self-denial that their children might be intelligent, know the truth and love it. No doubt those fathers and mothers made mistakes (they were human,) had prejudices; were, perhaps, severe in Christian doctrine, and strict about amusements and Sunday. Sometimes you may have thought them very Puritanical when children, but, now that you know the world better, do not many of you give thanks to God that you were not merely "trained but restrained" and so saved from ways of temptation? Will not many rise to honestly say, "We are what we are because of the training, the restraining, the example, the influence that was brought to bear upon us in the days and years that are gone!" This all centered around the hearthstone and the hearthstone centered around the church. Though the meeting-house had formerly no stoves in winter, and live coals in foot-warmers made the zero atmosphere less severe on the feet, yet fidelity to religious belief, firm family government, a two-

hour pulpit instruction twice on Sunday, developed men and women. The church pew held a family gathering and all, adults and children, were fed on the same spiritual diet.

What memories must throng this sacred edifice! What scenes of inward conflict, decision and tragedy here transpired! Souls born into the kingdom of God's dear Son, here sanctified by His truth, here prepared for life on earth and for eternal residence in heaven; here the vows of holy wedlock taken, here brought the caskets of citizen and Christian, amid the tolling of yonder bell, as if saying "passing away, passing away." Verily this has been Bethel with a ladder as of old, and the angels descending and ascending upon it!

To a former resident returning, how comforting to find the old family pew, owned by deed for generations; even the swinging door creaking amid the solemn prayer, has a holy sound to the wanderer's ear, and the vibrations of the old, old bell, shakes every room in the innermost soul. Ancestral memories came and the sacred place is peopled again as in days of yore, and the visitor is a child again! Ah, friends, this old church is not only built upon Pompey Hill, where for so long it has withstood the four-cornered blasts; but it has been builded in Christ's name into hearts and lives and souls so firmly that against it the gates of hell cannot prevail. Indebtedness! Can any disciples of the Master who found here their early church home ever discharge it? Can they see the old church suffer for support in any way and not respond, "as of the ability that God giveth?" Will not the tender

words of the poet be their words too?

"Oh sacred hour! Oh hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot
My thoughts shall linger round thee.
And as I rise from earth to soar
Up to my home in Heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more
Where I was first forgiven."

Then the city and city churches are debtors to this old church.

Pompey Hill is so distinguished an object physically and historically that I have been thinking of some historic mountain in scripture story to which it might compare. None fits it so well as Mount Lebanon, the white mountain—so called because perpetually covered with snow. You know how white this hill is with snow for many months in the year, alway crowned with the white steeple seen from afar, and now crowned with a white headed church. But the comparison holds better in other things.

The woods for Solomon's temple were cut from Lebanon's slopes, and many of the sacred utensils were made from its fragrant cedars. Even Jerusalem itself was sometimes called Lebanon because the temple and the houses were built almost entirely from its timbers.

How like the Christian timber in the old church that has been taken from its membership and been built into other churches in cities and distant states. We congratulate this church on its ability to live for a century despite the large emigration of its members and supporters. An

authority tells us that our cities grow not so much from the immigrants that tumble out of the ships at Castle Garden as from the contiguous country. This has gone on until one-third of our population is in our cities. They are still filling by large annual additions of those leaving the country and settling in the town. The city is the gainer, and so are the city churches. They are also debtors. This accounts in large measure for the success of some city pastors—not because they are all abler men or better preachers or pastors, but because of the force of social gravity city-ward. They throw out the gospel net, and these sturdy, country Christians run right into it seemingly anxious to be caught. They yield easily to the yoke, and readily become deacons, elders, Sunday School workers, prayer-meeting supporters. They come to the top because they are cream. Go to Syracuse and inquire who are the leading men and women in our churches, and see if you will not find the pleasant odor and memory of new mown hay among the majority. In many cases it seems to me that the city church has only furnished the hive and the honeycomb while the country church has filled its cells with honey; nay, rather, has furnished the working swarm that has been the life of the hive.

The people from the hills have played a conspicuous part in all heroic history, and is not without Bible precedent. The Book tells us of a band of young men from the hill country of Gad—a distinguished eleven—Ezer, first; Obadiah, second; Eliab, third; Mishmannah, fourth; Jeremiah, fifth; Altai, sixth; Eliel, seventh; Johanan, eighth;

Elzabad, ninth; Jeremiah, tenth; Machbannai, eleventh—"These were of the sons of Gad, captains of the host; one of the least was over an hundred; and the greatest over a thousand." Hardy sons of the mountains, they had the stuff of heroes in their make-up and became King David's captains. They led to victory. An incident is related of a farmer who had a flock of sheep in the valley, and another flock in the mountain and when asked the difference between said that those in the valley made the best meat, but those in the hills had the stoutest horns. The city youth laugh at the hayseed boy nourished on the hill side, but his vigor and back bone soon changes the laugh into respect, for the young countryman easily gets to the head where constancy and grit are required. Men of that highland stamp are the kind this old church has been rearing and exporting to other towns and to other churches, and after a hundred years is alive yet to rejoice, not over her loss, but over her grand, unselfish work in behalf of her enlarging parish. It surely shows wondrous vitality to stand bleeding so often and so profusely as has this church, and yet not be bled to death.

Again, there is an indebtedness which many young ministers owe the church. I wish to acknowledge my personal obligations to this dear church which has certainly been an influential factor in my life. What a power first things have over us! First place of ministry! First convert! First communion! The first things live and fructify in memory and life. Very vivid the recollection now when as a theologue I came here from the seminary wondering

if a congregation could be found that would accept crude efforts, "bob veal" instead of mature beef, that would be willing to take milk instead of butter and cream. What a debt of gratitude I owe this congregation for their long-suffering kindness in giving me a chance to try to preach. I fear that, sometimes, the experiments were like those of "Darius Green and His Flying Machine," but the practice was worth much to me. The tones of no other bell awakened such a nervous, anxious feeling in my heart and trembling in my soul as did the tolling of the bell in yon steeple during the summer of 1885, calling me from my study to face the congregation. I believe that I voice to-day the gratitude of many another Auburn Theological Seminary theologue, for the privilege we had in practicing our maiden sermons here. Surely, it is only another token of the vitality of this church that it survived the long line of student supply like myself.

But chiefest and deepest, do I owe this dear church another debt of gratitude for what it was my joy to be able to take away. It is a clear case of *habeas corpus.* Whatever other converts were made in this our first preaching station, there was one with whom my pleading resulted in an "effectual calling, "who promised to be "faithful till death us do part." While not formally married to the church as other pastors have been, yet I married all the civil law would allow. When Sir Humphrey Davy was asked to give a list of his discoveries which made him easily the first chemist of his time, he gave the list and added—"The greatest discovery of my life was Michael Farrady." I too must say the greatest discovery

of my life has been the discovery here of my "better half"—a member from infancy of this dear church. Surely, I cannot place too high an estimate upon that discovery if Dr. Adam Clarke's equation be true in which he "set down one woman as equal to seven men and a half."

Not only has this church reared and nourished ministers' wives but also wives for other men. The balance has been kept true, for the church has also reared and nourished husbands for young women who will rise up and call her blessed.

It seems to me that this old church has done good duty on the field of action, and were it to die to-day would be crowned with glory and honor. Especially in one respect are her obligations discharged. Many churches are content to receive the ministrations of pastors without a thought of sending some of their own sons into the ministry. The excellent records of men who have gone into the ministry of the word from this church is cause for congratulation. To them must be added the four young men who now are in the pastorate or on their way to it. These certainly show that the church has ability to bring forth fruit in old age and that the Saviour's commanded prayer, to pray for laborers in the harvest, is here finding gracious answer.

Looking over the attainments of the church for a century we cannot but feel the force of gathering momentum in church life, church character and power, that came from years of Christian education, consecration and prayer. We see the beauty of the Divine blessing in the

fruits of others' toil. Their sacrifice has not been in vain. As no atom of matter is lost or cast away, so God is not prodigal of moral or spiritual force, but harbors and guards it with jealous care. Then let us stay here or go forth to labor for God anywhere and everywhere, not wearying in well doing for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

As we behold the influences, legible and pulsating among us to-day, of men and women long since gone, "who rule us even from their tombs," let us catch the inspiration that was theirs—to pray and to do, to labor and to trust, to mould the present and guide the future, and at length "departing leave behind us, footprints on the sands of time."

Letter from Hon. Luther Marsh.

MIDDLETOWN, ORANGE CO., N. Y., June 6th, 1896.

To the Officers of the First Congregational Church of Pompey.—

GENTLEMEN:—It would give me great pleasure, if circumstances permitted, to visit the airy old top, where, seventeen years before I was born, the First Congregational church of Pompey started into life. I have not been there since the reunion of the sons and daughters of Pompey, in 1871. Since then, in that quarter of a century—how many of her children, who, scattered over the states, came from their homes and mounted the sacred uprise to the Pompey green, that they might shake the warm hands of fellowship—of townsmanship—have left this earthly sphere, and risen to a higher !

There come to me the names of our then president, Senator Daniel P. Wood, Governor Horatio Seymour and his brother, John F. Seymour; Charles B. Sedgwick, the eloquent lawyer; Charles Mason, Commissioner of Patents and Judge of Iowa; our great General, Henry W. Slocum; Judge Le Roy Morgan, Rev. Homer Wheaton of Dutchess county, Hon. James Noxon of Syracuse, Judge Lucien Birdseye of Brooklyn, Leonard W. Jerome of New York, Henry Sheldon of New York, William G. Fargo of Buffalo, J. Haskell Stearns of California, Edwin C.

Litchfield of Brooklyn, Judge Hiram K. Jerome of Palmyra, and, doubtless, there are many others of the sons and daughters of the grand old summit, who have since plumed their flight from the scenes of time. Suggestive, indeed, is this enumeration; and it is not likely that many of us will listen to the suggestions that may be made when the next quarter of a century shall have come to an end.

I wonder if the old village is about the same as when visited by the ten thousand guests of 1871, its churches, its academy, its two greens, the street, the houses and the new landscape! I can traverse it now, in memory, as it was seventy years ago; and should be disappointed to find it changed and revolutionized by modern improvements.

Would I recognize, and nod to a single acquaintance on the street, of all the men and women I used to revere, and of all the boys and girls I played with? Would my own grey top,—though yet full-crowned, be remembered as the curly head of the running, jumping, wrestling boy? I fear that I should feel alone, in a lofty solitude, with no familiar tones in my ear, and no familiar form approaching.

How well I recall some of the clergymen who filled your pulpit in the olden time:—Jabez Chadwick, Eleazer S. Barrows, and my step-grandfather, Joshua Leonard, men of large endowments and holy lives. Of the latter, Judge Charles Mason—Pompey's eminent son—said, in his letter to the Pompey re-union:—

"I have never known a more lucid expositor of an ob-

struse subject, or one who would present any idea more clearly with the same number of words. He was the soul of the academy, and gave it most of its well-merited celebrity, and whenever memory calls up that institution from among the shadows of the past, prominent in the foreground is the figure of Mr. Leonard, with his cane and spectacles, and with his erect military bearing."

Whenever the name of this writer—Charles Mason—comes to my mind, I am thrilled with admiration for his great and sterling qualities. How full of noble thought, exquisite sentiment and true affection, in the letter refered to, to the Pompey re-union! In it he speaks of attending your church in the audience chamber of the old Academy, before your present edifice was erected, and also, of having witnessed the completion of the structure; whereupon the builder performed most daring feats among the lofty spires of the steeple.

When in 1796 your church was organized, Pompey was young. The village was a little cleared spot on the crest of the hill, with what they thought primeval forest, but really second-growth, stretching all around. The moccasin of the Onondaga imprinted the fallen leaves of the woods, and bruin was a frequent visitor. The history of your church is really the history of the town, which was not christened until six years before your church began. Indeed it was only seven years before the origin of the church that the first white settler struggled up the wooded steeps and planted his habitation of logs.

There on her wind-swept peak, the village sits, lifting her head 1,743 feet above the tide, and there, amid the

drifts and cyclones of the winter, and the balmy breezes of the summer-solstice, we faithfully, every Sabbath, wended our way to the Presbyterian sanctuary.

I have often thought that the inspiring ozone of the mount, inhaled through my first dozen years, was what has carried me through many arduous labors, into my eighty-fourth year, free from all disease and with constitution unimpaired.

A hundred years! One-fourth of the period since Columbus came; less than one-twentieth of the time since Deity incarnated, dawned on the world. In these hundred years many saintly ones in the catalogue of your church have arisen from this earth-life, to the beatitudes of a higher sphere.

May your influence continue through many centuries to come, in pointing the way to celestial life.

Yours Verily,

LUTHER R. MARSH.

The Continuity of Life and Influence.

BY THE REV. HIRAM C. HAYDN, D. D.

This is the message that comes to you and to me, to this generation as to the first. One soweth and another reapeth. Others have labored and ye are entered into their labors.

We may at first blush, be a little dissatisfied that our partnership with others should be so close and interlocked, and since reaping is the cap-sheaf of life, to be appointed to reap the sowing of others and not our own.

There may also seem, at first thought, to be a contradiction of the saying of an Apostle, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." But the reference here is not to the same thing. The Apostle is speaking of personal character, of the habits of men and the use they make of their opportunities as affecting themselves. He tells them that they cannot get away from themselves, and an abused self-hood will avenge itself on itself; and an honored self-hood will bring to itself the supreme satisfaction of life.

But Christ is speaking of the wider relations of a man to his fellows and to the world he lives in, to the way in which fathers prepare the way of their children and they in turn influence them that come after, to the way in

which our generation of men steps into the work of former generations, and leaves to another its own unfinished plans.

As concerns individual character this day's living reports itself immediately. To-day's debauch writes its story to-day on nerve and tissue and tendency. Out in the wide world, field, building of a nation, a city, a church, evangelizing a land, our generation may spend itself in obscurity, successive generations may seem to be moving at a snail's pace toward the distant goal, and would absolutely have lived in vain but for that continuity of life influence which sets our generation in the steps of the receding, and allows no break. A great principle is touched here, old as time and broad as the world, which it is of great consequence to get hold of,—of utmost interest as well.

See the foreshadowings of this weighty matter in the building work of a world as outlined in Genesis. Out of Chaos to build a universe and whatever may be true of other worlds, to get one ready for the divine-imaged man to act his part on one, two, three, four, five great stages of preparation, each running through vast periods of time. Two built upon one, three built upon one and two, five on all the four preceding. All five needful to make a dwelling place for the man who is coming. One alone sows and another reaps, also sows for the next to reap. The principle of succession holds, even though a man interprets the six days, as of twenty-four hours each.

But see how human history evolves after the same fashion. Suppose that with the departure of each gener-

ation the desks were cleared of their work and of the records of their experience, for a new one to begin its work. They shall not enter into the labors of their ancestors. They shall do their own work and live their own life, detached from all that went before and is to follow. There could then be no history, no progress. History and progress are possible because each succeeding generation is heir to all that has gone before.

Hebrew history begins with Abram—but Abram does not leave Ur of the Chaldees empty-handed, empty-headed. He has a great fund of experience to draw upon. The libraries of this book and priestly city of Ur contain the gathered wisdom of the past. The voice that comes to him from God and the urging that is upon him come thro the traditions of a still more primitive age and people. They have a hand in the making of this man Abram, soon to be styled friend of God, and prince among men, father of the faithful through teeming centuries. In character reaping as he went the harvest of his sowing, as Paul says—as related to the Hebrew people, and the purpose of God that to him should all the families of the earth be blessed, sowing for others to reap, as he was privileged to reap the wisdom of centuries before him.

We speak of the glory of the age of Solomon—but without a David there had been no Solomon. The glory of the Solomonic age is shot through with the glory of the Davidic. David getting ready the material of the temple for Solomon to build it, is typical of what is going on everywhere. David sowed stones and cedar trees, gold and silver, conquests of enemies round about

through bloody wars, amicable relations with great powers to the north of him, that Solomon might reap peace and wealth for the tribute of the conquered, and build the temple, and palaces, and ships to go here and there, and come again to Ezion-giber, and pursue the studies congenial to himself. Meanwhile himself sowing the seeds of discord and corruption of the faith and mesalliance with alien blood, for his son and the people of Israel to reap in a dismembered kingdom. And even David is only the culmination of a series, and his work is possible because of Saul and Samuel and Moses. They are all here in that august hour, when the finished temple is filled with the glory of Jehovah, the proudest moment of Solomon's life. And there is not a church called by the name of the Christ, nor a mosque from whose minaret tower issues the call to prayer in Allah's name, that is not linked with this same temple where for the first time Jehovah's name was associated with structures of wood and stone. Any one can see that the Victorian era of English history whose marvelous strides have no parallel elsewhere, and which throws into shadow, by its exceeding brightness, all that went before, through a thousand years, is the harvest-time of the sowing of all that long travail of generation following generation, whose resultant is the English nation of to-day. This little island has all been fought over. Norman, Dane, Celt and Saxon have all had a hand in its making. Feudal castles everywhere tell of a stage in their building process, once vital, long since passed away. The civil and religious liberty of this day is the price of martyr blood that flowed like

water. This throne and sceptre for half a century so honored, what a succession trends away back into the past—go to Westminster Abbey and see. Great cathedrals all over England tell of a religious cult no longer extinct but represented in the church of England whose child she is.

Not to enlarge all through, it is our generation, our reign, sowing and another reaping, the last gathering up all the best of all that went before, and sowing the world with the ample resources, the gathered wisdom, the open bibles, the civil rights, the sense of justice, the civilization of the most wondrous era of the world, thus far.

To come closer home no one will pretend that our Pilgrim fathers reaped what they sowed from 1620 on. Nor did they of the colonial period. Through the slow moving century and a half to the moral Independence, they avowed their unselfish purpose to spend themselves for posterity. They were happy in the thought that others would enter into their labors. They gloried in the vision of a ripened harvest, which only whitened to their faith. Their sentiments were voiced by the nation's leaders all through the period of the revolution and echoed back from the firesides where sacrifice left its scars and wrote its heroic annals. They had, indeed, reaped a harvest from the sowing of the seed of the kingdom in martyr-blood harrowed into the soil of their lives by persecution. They gathered of the precious grain in the full belief, that to sit down and munch it all in selfishness, was to rob the world and impoverish the generation that was to be. No harvest

is ever gathered that is not meant, in part, to be the mother of harvests yet to be. Every reaper must be a sower, or rob the world of a harvest that is its due. They had no quarrel with the plans of God and the ordering of His world. They had reaped the harvest of a costly sowing, they would sow the seed of one no less precious for their children to reap. So it came to pass that the expatriated of the old world became the founders of the new. And the colonies grew into the nation. And the nation struggled on, through conflict of opinion and strife of words and clash of arms till the years of a century are numbered; but the whole hundred are ground into the last—the winnowed wheat, the residuum that came out of the fire untouched, and somewhat of the evil that always goes with the good, the harvesting of the latest born.

This is the way the church has grown from one hundred and twenty in an upper chamber in old Jerusalem,—a church not yet out of the broken shell of Judaism, into a wide-world faith. Its a broken shell, this Judaism. It cannot hold for long the imprisoned life. This church inherits much from the past. It owes much to the future. How much do I owe the future? All I have got out of the past, with interest. This church of the first generation must sow that the next may live and reap and sow again. This is life's process everywhere. Centuries of religious stagnation lie between us and the Apostolic age, because this principle was not duly honored—content to harvest, and not sow that others might also reap. Their selfishness avenged itself in degenerate

life. We reap to live, but we sow to make it worth while to live, and to make possible a better and a brighter future for the world. But for this law obeyed, the church had never gotten out of Jerusalem. The beginning had been the end. Nobody that plucks the fruit from this tree of life but is bound to sow the seeds that other men may live. There is not a continent nor an island of the sea nor a tribe or people made Christian except as this law of life has been honored. Because it has never been allowed to drop out of sight, the christendom of this closing decade of the nineteenth century is seen to be linked with Pentecost, and the church which persecution scattered abroad. What is this christendom of to-day? What *that* was, is told in a few paragraphs in the Acts. No most gifted pen can fully outline this and not write a volume. It sweeps all climes, all continents, all seas, all races of men. One in three of all the world's population professes, in some sort, to own the name of Christ. The great civilizing forces of the age, the least that holds in check the mightiest armies of history. The word of command that controls the fleets that sail all seas, rest with Christian powers. They practically dominate all lands and peoples.

What is behind it all? What has made this century so essentially different from the first? It is obedience to the command of our Lord Christ—"Go teach all nations. When one falls let another take his place, sow the seed of the kingdom, which is the word of God. Harvest will follow." They went, they scattered themselves, these of the loyal legion, over Europe, Africa, America, the is-

lands of the sea, one generation sowing and another reaping, and so on and on. That is how it came to pass that there is a Europe, an England, a United States of America, a Pompey and a first Presbyterian church in it. And yet, some people do not believe in missions.

And now that I have, at last, got to Pompey, it is scarcely necessary to do more than to remind you of its history, to have you see that we have come to this hour, generation following generation, working along this line. In no manner else could we have got here. This generation cannot say "What you see about you is all our work." The pioneer and the men who followed at their heels, on the farm and in the village, in school, academy and church cannot say it. Least of all can the new and alien element which has come in and taken possession of farm and highway claim the present as their work. They have simply entered into the work of men and women whose sandals they are not worthy to unloose. Men of my years who call up the situation of their boyhood in this place, the men and women who filled these pews; the long procession of vehicles of every sort seating from 2 to 12—they had families in those days—coming up the many streets that centre on the open common in front of this church, filing in to sheds behind, or passing on up to the Methodist or Disciples' church—the Jeromes, the Woodfords, the Northrups, Wells and Van Brocklins, the Haydens, the Cooks and Clapps, the Beards and Hiscocks and the families that filed in from the village: the Birdseye's, Wheatons, Gotts, Bakers, Wells, Dooletts and so on,

can but be deeply impressed with the changed situation. That was an imposing assembly that gathered here and filled the floor and the galleries as far back as the fifties. Pompey meant something in those days. Those men went directly from this village to congress, when it meant something to go to congress, and many, very many more, by various paths found their way to eminence and usefulness. It was inevitable as fate that a change should come over the situation. For half the century in review Syracuse was scarcely of more consequence than Pompey, and for long held no such coign of vantage. But when the whistle of the steam engine followed upon the tread of the slow-paced horse along the towpath down in the valley yonder, the doom of this village, as a commercial and intellectual centre, was sealed. There was no help for it. The transition began when the next generation began to cast about for the best place to put in their lives. The immense changes incident upon the Civil war and the opening up of the country by railroad and telegraph to the far Pacific slopes, made the road to fortune easy on the new lands, the new cities and among the treasures of the everlasting hills of the mountain states and territories. This is how it has come to pass that Pompey's sons are scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific sea-board. Pompey has been drained of her wealth of sons, but the land of the world is the richer for them. We must get what comfort we can out of that, and summon our fortitude to content ourselves, while an alien race and faith come in to take the empty places. Still the air is as pure, the hills as green, the distant prospect no less lovely, and

from the valley yonder the people often look longingly to these breezy hill-tops. Again, the virtues of the pioneer may assert themselves—I wish I could be sure that they would—in the descendants of ancient families, in the face of every discouragement, to see to it that faith and courage and enterprise do not die out. The spirit of the pioneer is again called for. History is yet to be made on this hill. It will not be a repetition of the past, but it may be worthy. Protestantism centres here in this church of a hundred years, and it ought to be broad enough, liberal enough, to make the varied shades of evangelical belief at home here and keep it strong and aggressive. And from this centre, as of old, should the nooks and corners, 2 and 3 miles away, feel the kindly touch of a living faith and the warmth of the mind and heart of the Master. So might the fires on these altars long be kept burning.

No man may forecast what is coming in the next century, when the ending of this is so marvelous. But of this we may be sure—God has not left the world to spin on without Him. And of this also be sure—our business is to mind our own business, and do our business in our day, so that they who come after may find their business the easier got at and do it the more worthily because of our fidelity to our trust.

Looking the whole field over first and last, boasting is excluded, because no generation can say of its doings—"This is exclusively mine—it has no roots in the past, and partnership with others, there is none." Of what can this be said? Every sane man sees that for what he

is, must be recognized in some degree, often in great degree, the character of the family tree of which he is a branch, and what was done for him in the cradle and thence forward. And then, beginning to work, no matter where or on what, he could make no absolutely new start. Who a builder in church or state, in schools of learning or avenues of trade, does not know and gladly recognize his indebtedness to the past? And but for that past, his work must have been quite other than it is. Fix your eyes on this church established here in the days of the early settlers of this county, and tell me, who is so conceited as not to own to himself—"I have a mission because my forerunners made history in their day. Had they not sown, my harvest had been thin." Let me not be high minded, but humble. Second—so far from paralyzing effort, herein lies its great incentive. True, I cannot separate and view apart the fruit of my own effort; it goes into the common stock of effort that is building up the church, the school, the community, but nothing so surely conserves all worthy effort as institutions which are to live on in some form or other. The form may change, but the thing, in its essence, abides. A little pulley is a small affair in the great network of machinery, but without it there would be friction. A boy is a small force among a hundred men, but the boy may be essential to the best use of the hundred. And boy and pulley tell for far more because of their partnership with others in a great work, than could they, worked apart from all such co-operation. We are often concerned about our little doing. It seems insignificant, and even

so, we cannot gather it up. We think of them who pass away in an untimely hour as it seems to us—they were not permitted to reap the harvest of their sowing. They saw not the land of promise toward which they toiled, but it was worth while for Moses to bring the children of Israel out of bondage and to the border of the promised land, though he, himself, might not enter. He was working on a very broad plan, which he could not begin to comprehend, and his part was vital to its fulfillment. It was worth while for David to gather up the material for the temple whose walls and golden spires he might not see. But David went into the temple, and essentially David and Moses went into Canaan. And they both walk the earth wherever the living oracles are taken abroad, and the sweet songs of Israel are sung, and the ten great words are said. So the fathers are with us, and the mothers in our Israel, the young men and maidens, and the stalwart in their prime, all they who, first and last, have sat within these walls and wrought here for Christ. O yes a great cloud of witnesses—their work and our work knitted into the same web—one and entire unto this day. When we see truly we shall understand that this is the true glory of life; that, so far from being set apart to a little task, all by ourselves, to write our name upon when done, we are taken into a great, glorious, divine fellowship, upon a building of God whose topmost stone shall be brought forth with rejoicing and sowers and reapers shall be glad together, in our hallelujah shout of Glory to God in the highest. No worker, ever so humble, nor honest effort though weak, will fail of being gathered

into the structured kingdom, upon which the saints of all the ages have wrought.

Third, rightly viewed, as we see, our work thus goes on when our visible preserver is no more a part of it. Indeed, the best of it may issue in result after we are gone. It could not be if everything had stopped when the fathers went, or were to stop when we retire. To the superficial view, men never seem of so little consequence, as when we see how, their bier having passed by, the great tide of affairs moves right on unresting; a moment men pause and look up "Gone" and settle down to their work till their turn comes. Nobody seems essential to anything. We thought everything rested on the shoulders of such an one. And lo! there is no collapse, nor scarce a tremor, now that those shoulders are withdrawn. It is well that the affairs of the world do not stop when, to human view, we stop. But we don't stop. The men who have shepherded this flock in days gone by still wield their crook over it. Livingstone is more alive today than when wan and in rags he knelt to die in the thatched house of Illala. We make our stand upon such as he that we may learn to see that this is true of all genuine life. Asa Wells, Victory Birdsey, Daniel Gott, Samuel Baker, Truman K. Wright are just as much alive to me as when they sat down there in the pews, listeners to inspire a preacher. To me these aisles are full of men who will never die. They make sound the work to which you of this day put your hand, the steps into which you put your feet. Beware ye who enter into the labors of such as these that in no mean way ye enter. Fourth, First in the family and next in the

church this principle of continuity and partnership in interest holds with supreme force.

How many of us must say, if we speak truly, "Our parents, our grandparents labored, and we have entered into their labors. Our inheritance from them has made us what we are. These things that stand in my name do not represent my industry and economy.--" I am one who entered into a door that another hand set ajar, and here I am." True, wherefore art thou there? It takes a deal of sense to enter into the labors of others. Our own labors, if we have any, we know the cost of—we know not the cost of others' labors. What do we know of the cost of pioneer life? But for pioneer life, where were we? Try to know the cost of your inheritance from the past that you may know how to carry yourself therein. For some seem to have no sense of privilege and responsibility in the labors of others into which they enter. They shut the door quick behind the retreating form and set themselves down in the midst of the toils and economies of past generations, as a grub burrows in a nut till the meat is all gone, and is a grub still.

Nay, nay! this thy harvest of other men's labors is thy seed-corn to sow the world with, that other men may reap in due time, also. Would'st thou make thy harvest, the last? Shall the sickles of the next generation lie rust-eaten because the grain lies hoarded in thy bin? Would'st thou breed a famine of the bread of noble deeds and words by which men live? Thy measure of privilege and of obligation towards the world is the measure of thy inheritance, *plus* what you can make of it. Hoarded

gold gathers no interest; wheat in mummy chests, ripens into no harvest. Scatter that and then men may reap even as thou dost. Labor, that when thou goest the way of all the earth, there may be something worth while for other men to enter into.

This is the great incentive to the realization or life's end in the family, in society and in the church of God. We need sense to see it and grace to use it—and all as parts of our great whole not yet disclosed—all as bearing upon the one, enduring kingdom of our Lord Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and in earth are named. This it is that gives significance to such an anniversary as this. And while we duly honor the past, let us be more concerned to honor the future. The record of the past is made. The future we help to shape.

Reminiscences and Parting Words.

BY DR. R. F. STEVENS.

This building was erected in 1817, I think, and the beautiful vane that tips the steeple was forged by Merit Butler, the father of the present postmaster of the village, and it was gilded by my father, Hezekiah W. Stevens. It shone beautifully as a beacon in the sunshine and could be seen for miles around for more than seventy years, when some vandal of a painter gave it a dull, yellow coat. But his attempt at improvement was as unsuccessful as modern attempts to improve Old Hundred.

The lightning rod attached to the steeple undoubtedly once saved the church from destruction, when a heavy bolt was safely conducted to the earth.

On one occasion, as religious services were terminating, a white dove flew into the church through an open window, and as the benediction was being pronounced the bird was sailing round and round over the heads of the congregation.

The custom of tolling the church bell slowly on the occurrence of a death in the neighborhood, and finishing the tolling by as many rapid strokes as the number of years of the deceased, was continued until a recent date.

The church choir used to be stationed in the gallery—

chorister in the center, the lady singers at his right, and the bass at his left.

He led the singing by the loud tones of his heavy voice, and beating the time with his right arm. I remember hearing the minister—Rev. Mr. Barrows—severely rebuke one of the young lady singers for eating an apple during the delivery of his sermon.

In looking over the congregation I see many whose faces were familiar in my early days. But there is one present whom I would especially delight to honor. She has passed the fourscore milestone of her life—she was a beautiful girl—she was lively and brilliant in her young ladyhood—and has passed through her long life a highly cultured and greatly respected lady—Miss Julia Jerome —otherwise Mrs. Julia Finley.

And I wish to especially honor another accomplished lady present to-night—Miss Esther A. Clapp, otherwise Mrs. Thomas M. Dorwin. She was a bright light among the young people of her neighborhood—her brilliant letters adorn the pages of the noted Pompey re-union book,—and as the years of her eventful life pass on, she carries with her the unqualified esteem of all who have the pleasure of her acquaintance.

I could name many others worthy of especial mention, but I refrain.

My hand rests upon the old church bible that was presented to this church by the wife of Henry Seymour—the mother of the late Gov. Horatio Seymour. I will read a text found in the book of Exodus, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." I will also read from St. Luke's

gospel, "And Jesus said unto him, no man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." The admonitions of these texts are but a sample of the far-reaching inculcations that fill the pages of this wonderful book.

As we meet on this pleasant and profitable occasion, and partake of the hospitality and friendship of brethren at home, we must not fail to acknowledge the beneficent hand of Providence.

We have met not only to do honor to this centennial church, but to foster and perpetuate fraternal attachment to the place of our nativity. We have been met with open doors—with open hearts and outstretched arms of a generous welcome. And may this heaven-born feeling endure so long as beautiful old Pompey Hill retains its verdure, and sends forth its sparkling streams that make it—to us—the most delightful spot on earth.

To Members and Friends of this old Church:—

The difficult and almost painful duty has fallen upon me of extending a farewell to you who have honored us by an invitation to come from our several distant homes, to revisit the scenes of our childhood,—to hold a centennial jubilee of this church, —and to renew the acquaintances and enioy reminiscences of the church and our early life. I always feel a deep regret at being compelled to say farewell,—but some are here to-night who will, for the last time give you the parting hand. Days of the long since have not passed without our remembering with pride this grand old Hill and surrounding valleys, which have been beautiful-

ly referred to at this time. We have always taken pride in this our early-day home, and in contemplation of the life and doings and record for a hundred years, of this old church whose honorable founders have long been slumbering under burial sods at the pinnacle of the hill. And while life lasts this hill will be remembered as a monument of the blessings conferred upon the community of this historic place,—and when our heads are laid in the grave and we have passed away and are forgotten, we hope the children and the children's children will say that here we have fittingly celebrated the Centennial of the Organization of the First Congregational Church in Pompey. This old Hill Monument shall stand and be revered so long as the foot-stool of the earth remains.

And friends, dear friends, we have been greatly honored by your call upon us to be present on this occasion. We must give you the parting hand. We hope these scenes will be remembered and cherished and live on in the memory of childhood,—of the homes we all have loved,—and of the friends who here have been greeted. Some of us will now leave you forever, but you will not be forgotten. Prayers will go up to heaven that our father's God may ever be your only God. We hope the present members of this church will not forget that in the early days, —a hundred years ago—it was the domestic hearth, the humble school house, and largely the teachings by this church from the bible— our father's bible— that formed the characters and guided the lives of the noble fathers and mothers of those days; that made it possible that the town of Pompey should send forth a host of

people whose high standing in various public positions has given it an enviable historic repute.

"The Bible,—the volume of God's inspiration,
At noon and at evening, could yield us delight,
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
For mercy by day, and for safety through night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving, with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand,—
The old-fashioned Bible,—the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible that lay on the stand."

Don't forget this old bible, which has been not only the chart of our liberties, but has given to old Pompey the high reputation it has enjoyed from its earliest days as a place of good people,—the mother of great and able statesmen,—the home of prosperous farmers and the seat of high and excellent education.

And now to your committee,—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, friends and the good old church, we say, "Thank you—God bless you—Farewell."

The Old Church Speaks.

POEM WRITTEN BY MRS. CHAS. CLEMENTS.—READ BY MISS ENNIE A. JEROME.

I hear them say I'm one [illegible] years old,
Then surely, I may make so bold—
My Tale to tell.
One hundred years! the time doth seem—
In retrospect, so like a dream,
And yet so real.

I bid you all a welcome true,
With open door and open *pew*
This Festal Day.
My heart with pride and joy doth thrill,
That I've been called this place to fill,
One hundred years—they say.

I'll take you with me now dear friends,
As o'er the road my memory tends—
To backward flow.
Back to the time when I was young,
When I had but just into being sprung—
One hundred years ago.

How proud my people were of me then,
So glad for a place of worship, and when—
My bell pealed forth;
A goodly band of worshipers came,
To hear the good "Parson" the word proclaim,
Of peace and truth.

The Choir no organ had, to raise
The key-note of the hymn of praise,
But *tuning fork* and ear;
Then how they sang!—as with one voice;
I know the Angels did rejoice—
Such melody to hear.

With feelings of Sadness and joy to-day,
I recall the lives long since passed away,
To their rest and reward.
The God-chosen men who once filled this place
Speaking comforting words of Mercy and Grace
From His chosen word.

On these Tablets of Stone their names are enrolled
And if each, could to-day their experience unfold
What a history 'twould be.
Of more interest by far, than all I can tell,
For *theirs* was the "*Heart*"—*I'm* only the *Shell*
Which enshrined them—you see.

Not all have passed to their work—"beyond,"
A few are left, who to-day respond—
To my Birth Day Call.
And *last* but not *least* in the ranks is he—
Who ever loved and esteemed by this people shall be
Their Pastor—*J. C. Ball.*

Yes—Many discouraging times I have seen,
When thro' the dark clouds there has been scarce a gleam
Of Comfort or cheer.
But the faith of my people has always been strong,
And their heart spoken prayers were answered ere long
When hope banished fear.

My frame is old but my heart is young,
Despite the trials thro' which I've come—
Since one hundred years ago—
So good hath God been in His mercy to me,
All down thro' the years His goodness I see,
And with my heart aglow

With joy and thanksgiving to His Name,
This day I renew my youth again,
And new courage take.
And if it shall be the good Lord's will,
That another Century this place I fill,
No complaint I'll make.

But trust that His goodness, Mercy and Love,
Will each coming year as faithful prove,
As in those of the past.
And when, 'neath Times' fingers, to dust and decay,
This old frame shall totter and crumble away
Into Oblivion cast;

The good works of those who have toiled 'neath this dome
Shall have only begun to live—and on—
Through the years to come,
Ah yes, and on through Eternity too,
Their works shall follow and be ever new
In the Heavenly Home.

And now, is it any wonder, kind friends,
That on this glad day my memory tends—
To backward flow.
Back to the time when I was young
Back—when the Choir with tune fork sung
One hundred years ago!

(A MEMBER.)

When Old Pompey's Sons are Gone.

BY MRS. SMITH ORDWAY.—DUETT SUNG BY REV. AND MRS. SMITH ORDWAY.

When the children have departed,
When the fathers are no more,
When the Master's call has sounded
On the everlasting shore,
When life's weary march is ended,
When we sleep the slumber long,
Who will tell the world the story
When Old Pompey's sons are gone?

CHORUS:

Who will tell the world the story
When Old Pompey's sons are gone?
Who will tell the world the story
When Old Pompey's sons are gone?

Who will tell about the great ones,
Born in Pompey's air so free;
Who will hail, and wait, and listen
For their rhyme and melody?
Who will join to swell the chorus,
That we sung in years now gone,
Who will tell the world the story
When Old Pompey's sons are gone?

Who will tell of our Horatio,
As the ruler of our state;
How he won both fame and glory,
And will live among the great.
How he lived a life of honor,
How he watched and waited long,
Who will tell the world the story
When Old Pompey's sons are gone?

Who will tell of Dr. Haydn,
Of the Woodfords and Jeromes,
Of the Birdseyes, Wells and Bakers
When they all are gathered home,
How they lifted high Christ's banner,
How they fought against the wrong.
Who will tell the world the story,
When Old Pompey's sons are gone?

Who will tell of wives and mothers,
Toiling early, toiling late
Who will rise to fill their places
And raise up the good and great?
Who will tell of sacrifices,
To make church and country strong,
Who will tell the world the story
When Old Pompey's sons are gone?

Will our children's children tell it,
That the younger ones may know
That their grandsires here were Christians
Though so *many* years ago?
Will they cherish this old church spire,
Will they learn to love it long?
They will tell the world the story,
When Old Pompey's sons are gone.

CHORUS: (for last verse.)

Yes, they'll tell the world the story
When Old Pompey's sons are gone,
Yes, they'll tell the world the story
When Old Pompey's sons are gone.

Auld Lang Syne.

WORDS BY DR. RICHARD F. STEVENS, AS WITTEN FOR AND SUNG AT THE POMPEY REUNION, JUNE 29th, 1871.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
  And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
  And days of auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne we meet to-day,
  For auld Lang syne;
To tread the paths our fathers trod
  In days of auld lang syne.

We've passed through many varied scenes,
  Since youth's unclouded day;
And friends, and hopes, and happy dreams,
  Time's hand hath swept away.
And voices that once joined with ours,
  In days of auld lang syne,
Are silent now, and blend no more,
  In songs of auld lang syne.

Yet ever has the light of hope,
  Illumed our darkest hours,
And cheered us on life's toilsome way,
  And gemmed our paths with flowers.
The sacred prayers our Mothers said
  In days of auld lang syne,
Have ever kept us in the right
  Since days of auld lang syne.

Here we have met, here we may part,
  To meet on earth no more;
And some may never see again
  The cherished homes of yore;
The sportive plays and pleasant days
  Of childhood's auld lang syne—
We ne'er shall meet to know again
  Those joys of auld lang syne.

But when we've crossed the sea of life
  And reached the heavenly shore,
We'll sing the songs our fathers sing,
  Transcending those of yore;
We there shall sing diviner strains
  Than those of auld lang syne;
Immortal songs of praise, unknown
  In days of auld lang syne.

Retrospect.

ESTHER A. CLAPP DORWIN.

Home again ! Instead of drinking in the "pure elixir" of Old Pompey's air, we breathe the stifling air of the Saline City.

From the crest of Pompey Hill, to the noisy, dusty, busy city on the plain, is but a few hours' ride; and yet a change so marked, strikes one with a bewildering sense of loneliness, and isolation. It is a transition so sudden, that one is inclined to wonder if indeed the events of the past three days were real, or only beautiful pictures of the mind; and memories of our girlhoods' home.

June 21 as the guests of our friend Mr. Mason, we climbed the far-famed, historical hills of Old Pompey. Through daisy-decked paths we wound our way; beneath towering maples we rested 'till we reached the summit of the famous hill. Then "looking backward" a panorama of ever changing beauty met our eye. Here an emerald green field, and there an expanse of yellow butter-cups; and again "black-eyed Susans" and "bouncing Betts" reared their heads as if in solemn mockery of all my girlish dreams and mature experiences. I forgot the *present* and reveled in the *past*. I forgot too, the lapse of time; and there "with the silver touch of many years

upon my brow" I sat and pondered. Whither were we going? Up to the temple of the "New Jerusalem" to worship?

Surely old things have passed away and the solemn old church where our fathers "wrestled with God" must have become a thing of the past. Soon the "Centennial Church" appeared before us, looking just as youthful, standing on the well kept green, as half a century ago; when with Miss Rand (of blessed memory) as my teacher, I stumbled through my seven verses; which had been carefully studied while sitting on a moss covered log in my father's "sap-bush." Ah! these were patient teachers in those days and no "pass cards" were required to *pass us on* "up higher." A few pleasant words from our teacher and we were *promoted* to a seat in a pew occupied by Mr. Stebbins' class, the worthy preceptor of the Academy.

I entered the "inner sanctuary" and looking upon the high-backed seats, thought with satisfaction "no change;" but passing on the choir met my eye, sitting where years ago *I* sat and *tried to keep still* with the eye of the assembled multitude upon me. A new organ graced the corner where years ago Mr. Marsh shook his hoary head at Fanny Baker and myself, if perchance our tongues "wagged" too audibly or our hands were too busy. The green blinds in the rear of the pulpit were gone, and a sacred memorial window cast its clear, bright light upon the speaker, where once there seemed but a dim, wierd shadow. In memory of Cousin Charles! A name I reverenced as a child. Thanks to the far off sons who thus in this old church keep his memory ever green.

Flowers and ferns from the hillside, beautiful plants and soft green mosses covered all the plainness of the pulpit and chancel rail. The energy and thrift of Old Pompey's sons and daughters were visible in the improvements. A modern parlor and kitchen in the rear, told where our *physical feast* would be given us "without money and without price," while the row of whitened heads in the pulpit gave promise of a *feast* for the *soul* at the *same rate.* In neither were we disappointed. The words of wisdom and the sweet tones of a heartfelt welcome to these *Centennial* festivities will echo and re-echo in our hearts as we go down the "dim aisles of the future."

And that dinner! Language fails to describe the luscious feast. If " the way to a man's heart be through a man's palate," surely the fair maidens and large hearted matrons found a straight road to the hearts of our sons and husbands.

But the last meeting came. Prayers and touching words were uttered; voices attuned to sweetest music sang, "Who will tell the story when Old Pompey's sons are gone." Those who made this celebration of the organization of the society one hundred years ago such a success, will tell the story "over and over again" and sitting by their firesides long winter evenings, will tell to their children's children how we came from the city, hillsides and plain, to rejoice together in the quaint old country church and to thank God that we have lived till 1896. With moistened eyes and fervent hand-shakes we parted—Good-byes were said

by those who had been friends from childhood, and as we turned away, we murmured—

"The way is short my friends
That reaches out before us;
God's tender heaven above us bends,
His love is smiling o'er us.
A little while is ours,
For sorrow or for laughter;
Then I'll clasp my hand in yours,
On the shores of the 'Hereafter.'"

Syracuse, June 25th, 1896.

FINIS.

1796. 1896.

CENTENNIAL

Of the Organization of the First Congregational Church, at Pompey,

June 21st-23rd 1896.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne we meet to-day,
For auld Lang syne;
To tread the paths our fathers trod
In days of auld lang syne.

We've passed through many varied scenes,
Since youth's unclouded day;
And friends, and hopes, and happy dreams,
Time's hand hath swept away.
And voices that once joined with ours,
In days of auld lang syne,
Are silent now, and blend no more,
In songs of auld lang syne.

Yet ever has the light of hope,
  Illumed our darkest hours,
And cheered us on life's toilsome way,
  And gemmed our paths with flowers.
The sacred prayers our Mothers said
  In days of auld lang syne,
Have ever kept us in the right
  Since days of auld lang syne.

Here we have met, here we may part,
  To meet on earth no more;
And some may never see again
  The cherished homes of yore:
The sportive plays and pleasant days
  Of childhood's auld lang syne—
We ne'er shall meet to know again
  Those joys of auld lang syne.

But when we've crossed the sea of life
  And reached the heavenly shore,
We'll sing the songs our fathers sing,
  Transcending those of yore;
We there shall sing diviner strains
  Than those of auld lang syne;
Immortal songs of praise, unknown
  In days of auld lang syne.

Words by Dr. Richard F. Stevens, as written for and sung at the Pompey Reunion, June 29th, 1871.

With compliments of the Author.

1796. 1896.

CENTENNIAL

Of the Organization of the First Congregational Church, at Pompey,

JUNE 21ST-23RD 1896.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne we meet to-day,
For auld Lang syne;
To tread the paths our fathers trod
In days of auld lang syne.

We've passed through many varied scenes,
Since youth's unclouded day;
And friends, and hopes, and happy dreams,
Time's hand hath swept away.
And voices that once joined with ours,
In days of auld lang syne,
Are silent now, and blend no more,
In songs of auld lang syne.

Yet ever has the light of hope,
  Illumed our darkest hours,
And cheered us on life's toilsome way,
  And gemmed our paths with flowers.
The sacred prayers our Mothers said
  In days of auld lang syne,
Have ever kept us in the right
  Since days of auld lang syne.

Here we have met, here we may part,
  To meet on earth no more;
And some may never see again
  The cherished homes of yore:
The sportive plays and pleasant days
  Of childhood's auld lang syne—
We ne'er shall meet to know again
  Those joys of auld lang syne.

But when we've crossed the sea of life
  And reached the heavenly shore,
We'll sing the songs our fathers sing,
  Transcending those of yore;
We there shall sing diviner strains
  Than those of auld lang syne;
Immortal songs of praise, unknown
  In days of auld lang syne.

Words by Dr. Richard F. Stevens, as written for and sung at the Pompey Reunion, June 29th, 1871.

With compliments of the Author.